

INDIAN LOVE

ESSAYS AND POEMS

ARTHUR ERNEST CALEB



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"Alice".

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Amas 1906.

INDIAN LOVE
ESSAYS AND POEMS.



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Arthur Ernest Gale

INDIAN LOVE

ESSAYS AND POEMS.

BY

ARTHUR ERNEST CALEB,

AUTHOR OF

"A STUDY OF THE ENGLISH LITERATURE,"

ETC.

WITH A PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.



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TO
THAT BRIGHT AND SO LUMINARY A GENIUS,
MARIE CORELLI,

AUTHOR OF
"THE MURDER OF DELICIA," "ARDATH," "TEMPORAL
POWER," "THELMA," ETC., ETC.,

I DEDICATE THE FOLLOWING PAGES,
WITH PERMISSION.

O Queen of Song, and mistress of the earth,
Whose magic pow'r doth hold the world in thrall,
Great Jove hath deemed thee worthy from thy birth
To climb Parnassus, and with trumpet call
To summon legions—swayed by woe or mirth
At thy all-potent will—who lowly fall
To render homage unto one whose worth
And gracious goodness are esteemed by all.

Wert thou not sweet as May
I would not dare to lay
My worthless garland at thy gentle feet;
But on it only smile
And it will bloom the while
With beauty not its own, thy own to greet.

ARTHUR E. CALEB.

TWILIGHT PARK,
1906.

PREFACE.

THESE Stories, Essays, Poems, are the fruit
Of four years' soul-starved mental solitude.
In many circumstances, and more moods,
Were they indited, and at times diverse;
Thus unity of thought and theme they lack.
This, if the truth be told, I little heed,
For unadjusted feelings have their worth,
And true Philosophy of Life doth seem
To lie in humbly writing down, perchance,
The diverse readings of phenomena
As these by chance and change appear to us.
But it may be that as they are the fruit
Of sorrow, some sad soul may find in them
A word of Hope, or help to tide it o'er
The weary years of Life, until the Dawn
Of the eternal Day.

If this be so,
It will be but a proof of what has long
To me been consolation blest, that no
Experience, however sad or drear,
Is to be dreaded, if it make us fit

To enter with some earnest, chastened soul
Into the mystery of mental pain,
And help to bring it safe, without shipwreck,
Unto the other shore.

ARTHUR E. CALEB.

Feast of S. Augustine, 1906.

4 RADNOR ROAD,
QUEEN'S PARK, W.

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PART I.

MISS GREVILLE'S DOWRY.

CHAPTER I.

IN the whole public service of the Amalgamated Provinces there were no closer or better friends than James Graham and Robert Greville. Together they had climbed through the forms at Winchester, whence they had passed on to the same university. So when Greville suddenly announced his intention of going up for the Indian Civil Service Competition, there was no surprise when Graham also found himself strongly attracted by the prospects of an Oriental career. And it was not many years later that they found themselves appointed to the same station, the one as Settlement Officer and the other as Joint Magistrate. "Wonderful luck!" they called it every five minutes, as they discussed the situation over their first breakfast in their new quarters. For my part, I believe that Hastings, the Chief Secretary of the A.P., knows a good deal more than he is supposed to know, and covers under an austere manner more human nature and kindness of heart than it would be convenient for a Chief Secretary to own to. That the two friends were very dissimilar in character goes without saying, or they would not have been the allies they were.

To make a good settlement needs the difficulty of imagination, and Graham possessed it. Greville had in a high degree the practical capacity of the Joint Magistrate. Nothing escaped his eye in his morning rides about the city, whose management the Collector soon resigned into his efficient hands. But inside the domestic gates the parts seemed to change. Greville, when not engaged in municipal business or the rigorous administration of the criminal law, would turn to French novels and German music, which he interpreted with more taste than execution, and was always drawing sketches of plays and romances that never got beyond the stage of outline. As far as he was concerned, the garden would have been a jungle, and their butler might have given them the same food every day of the month. It was the dreamy Graham who took the household in hand, whose management gave their home a *soigné* look, who kept the stable in order and the table well furnished, and all with a method and precision of which their purses soon felt the advantage. Nor was their friendship disturbed even by the arrival one November morning of the Commissioner's daughter, who, on the completion of her education, had come out to join her father and brighten his solitary existence. A rupture at this stage would have been nothing wonderful, for there was no other unappropriated lady in Islamabad, and Lucy Linde was as nice and as charming a girl as broke in upon the peace of two young men who supposed themselves case-hardened from want of opportunity, while they had really been accumulating a store of tender susceptibilities.

Bewitchingly pretty Lucy could not be called,

but only because that implies fascination on the small scale, whereas she was well above the middle height. For all that, she had some of the peculiar charms of the little woman. She was plump and rosy; her rounded arm with the tiny wrist, and a hand with dimples where the knuckles ought to be, suggested five feet nothing. But see her on horseback, the graceful figure giving to the movements of her Arab, and the glorious knot of brown hair escaping from the back brim of her pork-pie hat, and she suggested Juno. To the two young men the suggestion appeared to be rather that of Venus. Friendliness grew rapidly into intimacy, intimacy into inseparability. If Greville rode with Miss Linde in the mornings, no longer intent on drains and dustbins, it was in Graham's dogcart that she would be driven out in the afternoons—good, long, confidential drives right out into the open country, when the young people would get out and stroll along the grass border of the metalled highway till gathering darkness warned them of the hour, when the high-stepping mare would have to do its best to land them at the Commissioner's door in time to dress. After dinner, if they were together (and the boys had got into the habit of dining with the Commissioner in the days of his solitude), it would be Greville's turn again at the piano with duets and accompaniments; and then Lucy, with a pretty air of comradeship, would cross over to the corner where Graham was waiting for his game of picquet.

So time went on, and perplexity fell on the dozen or so of persons composing the society of the Station. It was quite clear that both young fellows were deeply in love with Lucy; and hardly less

certain that she was not indifferent to them; yet how things were to advance further when neither man would allow himself the slightest advantage over the other was what none of us could see. But an Indian cold weather does not last long—January soon gave way to February, and February to March without bringing any interruption to the tranquil happiness of the three lovers: and now a break was at hand. The Commissioner had been selected for an officiating appointment in the Board of Revenue, and as the work in that office is of a sort that requires to be done during a certain part of the year in the Hills, the figure of duty was already beckoning him to Tini Tal. Lucy, who had come out prepared to take the rough with the smooth, resigned herself to the situation. She was engaged in completing the education of a pony which Greville had made over to her on the ground that it could not stand the Plains in the summer—"Administrator," he had christened it—while the afternoon drives with Graham were developing into sketching excursions in preparation for serious work upon the snows and sunsets of the Himalayas. Besides, Miss Linde had settled it in her mind, not being yet fully acquainted with the rigid regulations of the Indian service, that there would be no obstacle to her two friends, coming up to Tini Tal on leave, turn and turn about. The young men, of course, knew the state of the case better, and a gloom that could not be dissipated began to settle upon them as the day of separation drew near. Each marked and pitied the state of the other. At last, one evening—they had been sitting out on the grass after dinner, smoking and pretending at intervals to talk politics or shop—

Graham suddenly rose, and, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, said in an altered voice—

“Robert, old boy, how long is this to last?”

“Exactly what I have been saying to myself for the last fortnight,” replied Greville, not affecting incomprehension. “But we cannot go on saying it to ourselves. This is Wednesday, and they leave on Saturday.”

“Too true,” said Graham, with a groan.

“Now,” continued Greville the practical, “this gives us two clear days—one day each. One of us must speak . . . speak . . . to Miss Linde to-morrow, and the other on Friday.”

“This seems clear, but which of us is to . . . speak to-morrow?” rejoined Graham. “Will he not be having rather an advantage over the other?”

“Well, some one must . . . speak first,” said Greville. “Let it be the one whom she seems to like the best.”

“My dear Robbie, consider what you are proposing—that the best man should have the first innings. Is not that opposed to all chivalry? The weaker candidate should surely have the first chance; and, besides, then Miss Linde will have an opportunity of knowing the devotion of both. Anybody with eyes can see you are the first favourite. Friday is your day. Let us say no more about it.”

“My dear Graham, your suggestion is thoroughly like you. I accept your principle, but I can’t accept your generous estimate of my chances. Sometimes I own I have had my hopes; but it was enough to see Miss Linde’s manner when you joined us to know what my prospects were. No, no; you shall

have Friday, and I will run upon my destruction to-morrow."

"My dear fellow, you were always too modest; that it must not be. If you go to-morrow I go too, that's all about it. We must choose some other way."

"We might put things off and wait for the autumn."

"And let Miss Linde go without knowing of our devotion? Think of seven months at Tini Tal for a young girl just out from home—the place swarming with men of every description—boys, Old 'Boys,' soldiers, secretaries. The idea is preposterous."

"Yes, yes; it is out of the question. But if you won't give way in the other matter what are we to do?"

"Why not put ourselves into the hands of Mrs. Lane, and let her do the best she can for us both?"

The Mrs. Lane referred to was the wife of the Judge, the social spirit of the Station, a friend of every one and of Lucy in particular, to whom she had speedily become chaperone, household adviser and confidante. She had marked with pleasure the growth of the Greville-Graham attachment, knowing and liking both young men so well that she felt it mattered little which of them secured the prize. But latterly she too had grown uneasy at the long postponement of the climax, and was seriously beginning to fear that the three would separate after all without coming to an understanding.

It is easy, then, to understand the satisfaction which Mrs. Lane felt at being taken into confidence next morning, and with a woman's pride in the importance of the negotiation and a woman's confidence in her

own capacity to conduct it, she undertook to see Lucy immediately after breakfast.

Lucy, when the situation had been delicately explained to her, and she found herself confronted with the hard necessity of choice, laid her head on her friend's shoulder and burst into tears. Why could they not go on as they were, she asked? Why were men so persistent about marriage? They had been all very happy together until this. Now, whichever she should choose, she would hurt her disappointed friend far more than she would gratify the other or herself. At any rate, she must have time to decide; she would be able to think it over better when she was by herself in the Hills. With infinite tact and patience Mrs. Lane brought her back to the realities of the situation. Marriage was woman's destiny, sooner or later. Many women had all their lives to lament having lost the man of their heart by hesitation or trifling. What would her feelings hereafter be if she lost two? Gradually convinced that there was no choice but to choose, Lucy then appealed to Mrs. Lane for some direction. To this, however, that lady demurred. She represented both suitors alike, and was thoroughly loyal to her principals. She could only lay before Lucy an impartial sketch of the circumstances in each man's favour, and she did, but she could not go into comparisons. Her advocacy consequently only made things harder for Miss Linde. The two men were of the same age, their prospects in the Service equal; both were reasonably good-looking, with amiable and unselfish dispositions. Minor considerations afforded no help. If Greville had music and was a horseman, Graham

was almost an artist in water colours, and his dancing alone was enough to guarantee his rising in the Service.

"Well, then, Lucy dearest, if you cannot think of any rational reason for preference," said Mrs. Lane at last, "you must just find an irrational one."

The random remark went home. There was one weak spot in Miss Linde's flawless character. She had the gambler's temperament, though dormant, with its superstitions, and was given to dwelling on omens and coincidences.

Now that her mind was on this track, it came back to her that Greville was the first person she had seen on the platform on the day of her arrival. Destiny, then, must have meant that she should take him.

After a few moments' reflection she threw her arm round Mrs. Lane's neck and whispered in her ear the two words, "Mr. Greville."

"Are you quite sure of yourself, dear?" said Mrs. Lane, disengaging herself to look at the girl.

Lucy nodded blushing.

"And what may be the decisive reason?"

"There is none."

"Well, you are a happy girl, for you could not have gone wrong whatever you had done, and, at any rate, you have chosen the prettier name," observed Mrs. Lane.

The conference had been a long one, and it was two o'clock when Mrs. Lane's victoria drew up under the porch of the Joint Magistrate's bungalow. The young men, who had been waiting each in his own room on the stretch of expectancy since eleven, dashed out to meet it, and found the little lady in a

high colour of excitement and agitation, looking as if she might either laugh or cry.

"No, I will not come in to lunch," she said; "and I will not leave you in suspense either. Mr. Graham, it is you who are to call to-day; Lucy will see Mr. Greville to-morrow."

As a matter of fact, Graham did not go through the form of calling; neither did the victorious Greville. He had decided that it would be unfeeling towards Graham to see Miss Linde again before their departure. But on Saturday evening it was given out at the Station Club that Graham was off next week on a tiger shoot in the Terrai, and Greville on ten days' leave to Tini Tal.

CHAPTER II.

"I HAVE told you, Jack, and I was pleased to observe that you listened to me with attention, the story of how pretty Miss Linde allowed herself to become engaged to our then Joint Magistrate, Greville. There were great doings at our little Station, I assure you, when the Commissioner rejoined at the beginning of November, the wedding being fixed ten days later, so as to anticipate the general exodus for camp. Friends gathered together from all quarters—old friends of the Commissioner, new friends acquired in the course of the season by Miss Linde at Tini Tal. There were cricket matches and pigeon matches and "Diana" matches all day long; tennis tournaments and croquet tournaments in the afternoons; and dances, concerts and theatricals in the evenings. A band was brought over for the week from Jungipore,

and the Bishop, who enjoyed being in the thick of it as much as any one, had expressly volunteered to perform the crowning ceremony. The one person we had any doubt about was our friend Graham. He, in the course of the summer—for, of course, the story of the tripartite alliance had gone abroad—had been considerably transferred to another station, a recognized refuge for emergent cases; and, if his own feelings had been consulted, would have preferred the society of the Native Doctor and of a policeman—who was not there for his abstemiousness—to all our junketing. Greville, however, had made a strong point of his coming; he would not have been able to feel that the affair had gone off to his expectations with any one else as his best man, while Lucy wrote that she was sure he could not mean to be so selfish as to spoil all her pleasure by stopping away. So Graham did arrive at the Commissioner's house, with a diamond bracelet worth about three months' pay in his pocket, and was made so much of by Lucy during the remaining days that any other man but Greville would have broken off the match there and then."

Weddings would be capital things if they were not always followed by a strong depression, felt by the whole company, but by the intimates of course most severely. It is good to see the other people attaining happiness, but somehow it does not seem to be inspiring. On this occasion the pace at which the festivities had been kept up for the previous ten days no doubt contributed to the reaction. As the carriage of the happy pair disappeared from sight, Lucy waving from the window a little glove, a blight descended on our whole party. We did not want

champagne, the taste seemed to have gone out of the stuff. We had a whole afternoon on our hands, and did not know what to do with it. Happy were those who had trains to catch and pack for. Next fortunate, the card-players, who turned, of course, to the unfailing solace of a rubber. Excusing myself from the funereal dinner at the Commissioner's, I went home, got out papers and pretended to work, but could only think of the young couple who had gone off so radiant, and Graham, who had behaved like a Spartan, left behind. I should have liked a good talk with him before he left next morning, but little Mrs. Lane, the Judge's wife, would look after him better.

In India the best of friends, even when they are serving in the same province, often do not meet except at long intervals. In the following spring, Graham became eligible for his first furlough, and he thought well to take a long spell while he was about it. By the time he was returning the Grevilles were on their way home. So for three or four years there was no meeting, and the correspondence between them, that had been at first frequent, gradually became intermittent. Lucy, in fact, it might be said by this time only wrote when she wanted something, though there was not much harm in that, for nothing gave Graham more pleasure than to fulfil her commissions. Once when he was in England, he had been surprised to get a letter on the eve of the Derby, begging him to put a fiver on a certain horse. "I want you particularly to do it yourself," the letter ran, "because the jockey who rides it is called James—your own Christian name."

Acting on her instructions Graham backed the

animal, and it did win: though from the fact that it started first favourite he may not have attached decisive importance to the omen. Time passed on. The Grevilles returned to India, and Graham being now in a large headquarters station, found himself once more in constant communication with Lucy, and entrusted with numerous commissions as to the supply of cows, servants, furniture, and things from the European shops. One fine morning Greville himself arrived, having business with the Government, and some happy days the two spent together, renewing the old recollections and reviving the old mutual tastes and differences. So familiar a friend as Graham could not avoid perceiving quickly that there was something amiss with Greville. His spirits seemed to come with an effort, and his placid temper had become quick and irritable about trifles. In other circumstances Graham would have regarded this as a passing symptom due to overwork, or to some official friction; but constituted as he was he could not think of Greville without thinking of Lucy, and the change troubled him. He was not long in getting to the clue. The second evening, after dinner, Greville having flown into a passion with a servant during the meal, apologized to his host, confessing at the same time that he was not himself. Various worries, he explained, had been accumulating on him of late, and now they had found that they were obliged to go home for the summer. Furlough he was not entitled to, but with the privilege leave that was due to him, and "urgent private affairs," he could manage to get the time he wanted.

"Well, after all," remarked Graham, with the

prospect of hot weather before him, "that does not seem a serious obstacle to happiness; many would be glad of half your complaint."

"Why, yes," said his friend, "it would be well enough if we could afford it, but there's the rub. We have spent every penny we possess and something besides. I tell you we shall have to borrow the very passage money. Now, I know what you are going to say, Graham; but it mustn't be. We have not got to the point of sponging off friends. Besides, there is a sort of duty in the matter: if the banks are to support us we must support them."

"But, Robbie, I can't understand this. Here you have had two years of a station where I should have thought you would not have been able to spend a third of your income. You are not an extravagant man; and as for Lucy, I know her by her commissions how careful she is. And when I come to think of it, you will forgive me if I say that when you spent Christmas with me I could not help remarking that her dresses seemed to me . . . well, quite shabby."

"I know, my dear fellow; do you suppose I don't notice too? Nothing will make Lucy spend a sixpence on herself. If she would, at any rate there would be something to show for it. But the truth is, between ourselves, Lucy has become a confirmed speculator."

"A speculator!" said Graham, incredulously, remembering at the same time with a flashlight freak of memory that he had got the girl to take her first ticket in a Gymkhana totalizator.

"A speculator of the most incorrigible type," asseverated Greville, "and the case is beyond any

remedy that I have the heart to enforce. You know how, when we married, I turned over the whole of our income to her, because she was such a manager. And well enough it answered till this mania came; but now I cannot go back on the arrangement if it takes us to the workhouse."

"But what sort of speculation?"

"Every sort that is absolutely hopeless. There isn't a wild cat started in the Indian Empire but we have something on it, especially if it is a case of one Rupee shares. The Monkey Flush, Malay Gold Mines, the Balasore Sea Baths and Casino, Limited, the Nilgiris Zebra Breeding Association—all these things carry our money; and then there are the German Lotteries, and Messrs. Hook & Crook's Foreign Bonds Consultations, and of course these d——d race sweeps. Why, the other day I got Lucy to send home a good cheque to her dress-maker to fit her out against the Lucknow race week, and then discovered that the money had gone into the Civil Service Cup Sweep. She had taken the tickets on our wedding day it appeared, so they must be lucky. Now you understand how the money goes. But Lucy will be here before long. She goes home in front of me, and will stop a day or two with you on the way to Bombay. If you could get in some impressive warnings edgeways it would be a real service to us both."

It was not so long after this conversation that Lucy herself arrived under Graham's roof. In India, where characters are well known, bachelors might be divided into two classes—those who can afford to have unattached ladies staying with them, and the others. Graham was one of those who could afford.

As a matter of fact his house was constantly filled, for him rather than by him, by ladies who found it a convenient resting-place, and even the "Station Cat" forgot to snarl over the arrangement. Not that it would have occurred to Lucy in any case to think of what people would say. Never very much bound to convention, life in small places, and latterly the growth of an absorbing interest to which she found other women strangers, had given her a sort of detachment from ordinary society. Graham could not avoid noticing that the rather rusty black alpaca, which she wore during the afternoon, appeared again with some slight adjustments at the dinner-table; and the next evening, when there were guests to dinner, the same old dress with a white gauzy frontlet did duty once more. The beautiful brown hair was no longer always done with the same perfect neatness as of yore; and the graceful curves of the lissome figure were altered. There was no doubt Lucy was becoming—well, plumper. "What of that?" thought Graham, taking himself to task for his disloyalty; "do not time and India tell on us all? Is your own waist what it was, you lout? Twenty-six ought not to look as eighteen; reasonable change is becoming, and after all she is the same dear Lucy still."

A few days later Graham, after having drawn a faithful promise from her not to break the journey home at Monte Carlo, had seen her train steam out of the station, and turned back home with a sense of blankness in his being that it required several days of extra hard work to get rid of. Greville rattled through six weeks later by the mail special, and soon after his arrival in London, Graham had a letter to say

that they were off to some remote Continental spot, probably in the Piedmont Alps, "where there will be no means of spending money, and I shall take good care that no papers with City articles follow us." They would write again as soon as they had found that place; but, as sometimes happens, no letter came.

One morning, however, towards the end of August a yellow telegram was put into Graham's hand which was to cause him much perplexity. The contents were: "St. Leger tickets. Robert, Lucy, Bobs."

Though the message carried nothing but the address, "London," Graham quickly divined that it must come from the Grevilles. But what on earth did it mean! Having puzzled himself in vain over this, he took the telegram with him to the Club in the evening, and referred it to a sprightly friend whom he found sitting in the lady's Verandah. Her woman's wit dispelled the difficulty in a moment.

"Don't you see, Mr. Graham, that this must refer to the great St. Leger Sweep at Chandernagore?"

"Ah! how stupid of me never to have thought of that."

"And that Mr. and Mrs. Greville want you to take them tickets."

"Lucy again," thought Graham, with a groan. "But, then, what of Bobs?"

"Why, then, Bobs is short for Robert—Mr. Greville's name. But no, that cannot be, for we have had Robert already. I give it up; but you had better ask Mrs. Hetherington there, who is ever so much quicker than I am."

But Mrs. Hetherington was in a frivolous mood;

she had no sooner read the telegram than she turned away her head and appeared to be shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Confound the woman!" thought Graham; "what the deuce is there to be amused at?"

Suddenly the lady turned round, and fixing her large, humorous eyes directly on his, said—

"Mr. Graham, I have not a notion what it can be, unless the Commander-in-chief has been wanting to have a flutter on the sly. But in any case I should advise you to take all three tickets, for the message evidently intends it."

Three weeks later Graham, when grappling with his morning post, and having left to the last a letter that looked like a bill, opened it to find it a letter of warm congratulations from the Turf Club secretary, an old acquaintance, on having won the Leger Sweep—the biggest on record. It concluded by asking at what bank "Bobs" would like the money paid.

Feeling almost irritated with the Grevilles, Graham telegraphed to their agents, and received the reply: "No present address; expected England October." Whereupon he wrote to the secretary that he knew nothing of the winner, but would probably receive some indication in the course of a month or two, till when he begged that the money might be retained. But the secretary answered that he was a distributor, not a banker; he was about to pay the lakh and a half to Graham's credit at the Bank of Bengal, but if no one cared about having the money, the Turf Club could guarantee to make good use of it.

So Graham was constituted the unwilling custodian

of £10,000 belonging to a person or persons unknown. For a few days the situation grated upon him; but the explanation would arrive sooner or later, and fortified by this reflection he soon ceased to think about it.

But when the expected letter came he gave his thoughts another turn—if letter it could be called that consisted merely of a two-line cutting from a newspaper—"At Torre Pelice, Piedmont, on the 10th September, the wife of R. Greville, Indian Civil Service, of a daughter."

A line scribbled on the half-sheet enclosing the announcement added that the writer was coming out immediately; and Greville himself followed hard upon his letter by the next mail—a very different Greville from the jaded man who had passed through six months before. Buoyant as on his first day in India, he rattled away, giving Graham the whole history of the past summer, to which the other was a willing listener. Lucy was doing splendidly; perfectly strong again before they had started back. The precious baby was already showing herself no ordinary infant. Her intelligence was most remarkable for a child six weeks old, and the likeness to Lucy quite extraordinary. By the way, Graham must be prepared to hear that he was a Godfather. His consent had been taken for granted; "and unless the little thing gets something from you," he added, laughing, "I am afraid affection is likely to be her only portion."

The word "portion" revived in Graham's mind the incident of the telegram and the lottery. Greville listened to the story with a beaming amazement.

"Well, by Jove!" said he, "that is an extra-

ordinary stroke of luck, and Lucy right after all at last."

"But where is the luck?" said his friend. "It was 'Bobs' drew the winning ticket. Who is 'Bobs'?"

"Since when have you been growing dense, Mr. James? It was all Lucy's doing. She kept saying to me, 'We have never had any luck ourselves. I feel convinced that there is a great change in store now. There is a chance—seize it, and take fifty tickets in the Chandernagore Leger Sweep.' To humour her I said I would take some, and sent that wire to you for three—self, Lucy, and Babs. And so it has turned out trumps, and little Lucinda came into the world an heiress. Well, Bobs shall be her name henceforth. But, I say, old man, you must keep the dowry; no more will-o'-the-wisps, eh?"

.

"But I suppose Mrs. Greville soon got round Graham and got through the money, uncle?"

"Then you suppose entirely wrong, sir! No; when Lucy and Bobs arrived in due course in about a year's time to break their journey with Graham, it did not take that gentleman, observant enough where his friends are concerned, long to discover that there need be no apprehensions for the future. The simple trustfulness of a little child had driven all speculation out of the mother's heart. As a matter of fact the Grevilles insisted on Graham having the entire management of Bob's little fortune, and I need not tell you that after a man of that sort has been doing his best by it for seventeen years it is not such a little one. And I fancy when Graham's time comes to say 'NUNC DIMITTIS' his own savings will not go

to a hospital. You will be seeing Miss Lucy at Tini Tal, and I should like any one to show me a more charming girl. Prettier than her mother was, some people say, though Graham won't allow this. You should cultivate the Grevilles, if they will let you; but don't let it be known that you have heard this story."

A PATHAN LOVE-STORY.

My friend, Nur Syed Khan, Pathan of Boner, told me this story as we sat discoursing on men and things outside my bungalow at the headquarters of a Native State. To be alone in an Indian native state is monotonous; and I was grateful to Nur Syed Khan, Bonerwai, and his brethren for helping me through the long hot-weather evenings. Stalwart blackguards were they, many of them, these men of Boner, Usufzai, and Swat; men on whose account blood-money and wound-money were due across the Border, and on whose brown bodies were the marks of deep scars gained in feuds and raidings. Still, they were humorous persons and prone to laughter; and, after a feast (at my expense) on goat's flesh and unlimited sherbet, would sing love-songs to the accompaniment of their *rababs*, and tell me tales in Pushtu which were highly interesting, though often unfitted for an English Drawing-room. But Drawing-rooms were far enough away!

The Sahib asks how it comes that I, a Pathan, should be serving in the ranks of the Imperial troops—in this state where there are only Sikhs; where the fool-priests reverence the *Gurus* and read the *Granth Sahib* in the temples. Why did I leave my own folk to come and live among these fat shop-keepers who worship a cow? Aho! what is the

cause of all trouble in this world, sahib? *Is it not—a woman?* It was because of a woman I came.

The Sahib remembers the year when the Sirkar sent an army to Chitral? Doubtless the Sahib was there with his regiment? I was a Duffadar of Cavalry then, but my *Risala* did not go on the expedition. Of my own inclination, I only was sent—on escort of the General Sahib; and I rode ever behind the General Sahib and Tumkeen Sahib, who speaks Pushtu like a Pathan, Tumkeen Sahib was *Puleetical Afsar*; and knows us Pathan folk. Wherefore he told the General Sahib that at the Malakand there would be fighting, for he knew how the *Mullahs* had preached to the people saying that the Sirkar was going to take the country. Tumkeen Sahib spoke what was true, for there was fighting at the Malakand; and there, too, was killed Jhang Khan, my sister's son, fighting against the Sirkar. He was killed in the *Sangars* by a shot from the "*Kr-kr-gun*"—so we called it, sahib, by reason of the sound, but I know it was the *Muxeem*! What had Jhang Khan to do with this matter? Nothing, sahib; only he had heard that there was fighting towards, therefore he came. Three days his body lay out upon the hillside, for his home was afar off, and there was no man of his *Khel* to bury him. Aho! Jhang Khan was ever a fool! And when the fighting was over, then we went up to *Chitral*—the General Sahib and Tumkeen Sahib and I, and the others; and returned and remained upon the *Janbatai* Pass for many days. Why, I know not; it was the order of the Sirkar. Three months were we upon the Pass, and it was there that I met her—the woman. The place where I met her is known to

the sahib—a little garden at the foot of the Pass by the water-way of the *Kila*—the fort Iman Din built when he was in fear of Umra Khan. There are mulberry trees there, sahib, and there I talked with the woman. She was very fair, white as an English *mem*,¹ or a *Kashmiri*. But she was a Pathan—the Sahib knows what we Pathans think of the Kashmiris. Was it not in Kashmir that a blood feud lasted three years, and nought harmed but a cooking-pot? Can such dead dogs shoot? Night after night did I meet her, sahib, under the mulberry trees after I had seen to the food and bedding of the General Sahib's horses, and the woman sang to me as one calling upon her lover to come to her—

“Rashah ! Rashah ! Dilbara rashah !”

Thus it goes, sahib. Aho ! that is the way of women ! Thus it was that I left the service of the Sirkar and my Risala, that I might return and take the woman. The General Sahib was angry at my going, and Tumkeen Sahib also called me “fool,” but what would you? A man's blood is hot, and I loved the woman, so I took her to my village ; and the crops were good, and the woman bore to me a son.

And, after the space of one year, after the harvest when the crops had been good, I journeyed to Peshawar, for news had come to me that my old Risala had been moved thither, and there was a desire in my heart to make *salaam* to the Colonel Sahib also. There was need of a rifle, and jewellery for the woman, my wife, and toys for the man-child,

¹ Mem = an Indian term for a lady.

her son and mine; so I came to Peshawar. The rifle and cartridges I bought in Peshawar city. How do I know, sahib? It is true that many rifles are stolen from the sentries in Peshawar; yet how do I know whence this rifle came? I bought it in Peshawar City for many rupees. There also I bought jewellery—silver jewellery of full weight, and toys such as the English *mems* (ladies) give to their little ones. Truly I know not about the rifle, sahib; rifles are made in *Cabul* also. Fifteen days I stayed in Peshawar, and made *salaam* to the Colonel Sahib, and ate bread with my comrades of the Risala. Also, I was the guest of Tumkeen Sahib for two nights. Then I obtained permission from the Colonel Sahib and Tumkeen Sahib, and started to my village; and when I was close to my village I was thirsty and tarried by a well to drink water, and there were many women drawing water there. And these looked at me and laughed, and said:

“Ho! Nur Syed Khan, what of thy wife?” The children, too, who were with them laughed and said, “What of thy wife?” And my heart was turned to water.

They said no more, sahib, for they were afraid; but I laid hold of one of them, and asked her, “Why do these women laugh?”

And she looked at me and saw death in my eyes, if she spoke not the truth, and answered: “Go, ask Sikandar Khan concerning thy wife!” So I let her go.

I knew Sikandar Khan, sahib—Sikandar Khan of *Rubat*, who was once a man, but now——! He was a big man and strong, sahib, but now he is dust. *Malik* (master) they called him, in that he

was a headman among his people; but *mlechh* (devil) they should have called him, in that he was a devil from his birth. I went to my home, sahib, and it was as the women had said. There was no one there save my father only, a grey-beard, old and blind. The woman was gone with Sikandar Khan, and my little one—was dead, sahib. Aho! my little man-child was my heart to me!

I took dates and meal with me, and the rifle and the cartridges from Peshawar, and three days I went upon the hillside seeking Sikandar Khan. And on the third day I chanced upon a man of his village, and gave him the Pathan greeting, "Mayst thou never be tired!" and he answered (as is our custom), "Mayst thou never be poor!" I knew there was hatred against the *Maliks* because of the deceit in the matter of the tribal allowance, so I asked him concerning Sikandar Khan, and he said, "To-night he goes to see the great priest, Pir Baba of Boner. In the Tangai Pass you shall meet him."

The sahib knows the Tangai Pass? No, it is but a ravine, sahib—a narrow opening between two hills, scarce fifty paces across, with a stream and a little track between the boulders. At the lower end is a great black rock, behind which a man may lie hidden; and across the ravine is a white rock, upon which a man may take a sure aim when his enemy passes between. It is a good place for a man to await his enemy.

Behind the black rock I lay, with my rifle levelled on the white rock; and thought of the woman who was my wife, and of my little son, but Sikandar Khan came not. At length, after the first watch

of the night, when the moon was high, I heard him singing up the valley, singing as he came to his death. He sang of the "Zakhmi Dil"—the Song of the Wounded Heart. I have often sung it to the sahib. But it was not only his heart that was wounded! He came on, a big man and a tall, in the moonlight between the two rocks, and then—A man should not miss at fifty paces with a *jezail*, sahib; and mine was no *jezail*, but a rifle fresh bought from Peshawar City.

I went over to where he lay between the two rocks—Sikandar Khan, the Malik who was once a man. I looked down upon his face and cursed him for the evil he had wrought me, but he answered me never a word, for his life had departed from him. Then I came quickly on the road to Peshawar, for there would be blood-feud between his people and my people, and also my own country was bitter to me when I thought upon my little son who was gone.

The sahib knows how it is with our women who are faithless? Noseless shall they go ever for a mark of their shame; but my vengeance on the woman was heavier. On the road to Peshawar there was a *Kafila* (a caravan of traders), and one of them I knew—Umrao Singh, who brings the rugs and *poshteens*, and Kabuli grapes for sale. That is not his only trade, sahib! Whence does that Amir Sahib's General, the Sipah Salar (Commander-in-Chief) get his women?

So I told Umrao Singh of a certain woman that was very fair, and I came down to Peshawar.

That is why I am serving in this regiment of a Native State, sahib. The last bugle has sounded,

have I the sahib's leave to go to quarters? otherwise the *Ajeetan Sahib* (adjutant) will be angry. Have I permission to go? Good! Salaam aleikoum, sahib!

And I returned Nur Syed Khan's benediction with "Aleikoum al Salaam" ("Peace be with you").

THE DAWN OF BUDDHISM.

IN the days when the great Asoka, as a younger son, was administering a distant portion of his father's empire, he took to himself a beautiful girl of the Setthi caste, named Devi, who dwelt at a place called Vedisagiri, not far from the modern Bhilsa in the Central Provinces. Devi lived with him at his capital, Ujjain, during the remainder of his viceroyalty, and bore him two children—first a son, and two years later a daughter. When Asoka, hearing of his father's death, marched on the capital, Pataliputra, and seized, not without violence, the throne, he took the two children with him, but Devi, their mother, went back to her home at Vedisagiri. Years passed away, and while the children had been growing up, the great Buddhist revival, inaugurated by Asoka, had been accomplished, and high and low alike were in a ferment of religious zeal. Prince Mahendra and his sister Sanghamitra, for such were the children's names, brought up in an atmosphere of piety, and inheriting a full measure of their father's spirit, as soon as they were of an age donned the yellow robe and besought the pious king to allow them both to enter the Buddhist Order. Asoka, who had destined his son for the office of viceregent, was reluctant to allow him to take up the religious calling; but there was the example of the master, who had given up a

kingdom, wife and child to help his fellow-men, and moreover the king's spiritual adviser, Tishya, the son of Moggali, the famous saint and scholar, earnestly entreated him to let the children have their way. Therefore, he consented, and Mahendra and Sanghamitra, renouncing the pomps and vanities of the world, together took the vows of Buddhist mendicancy and entered the Holy Order. Their noble birth, their earnestness and simple piety soon gained for them distinction; and when in the year 252 B.C. it was decided to send a religious mission to Ceylon, Tishya chose Mahendra to lead it. The journey was a long one, and for those who went there would be no returning; therefore, Mahendra, before setting out, begged and obtained permission to visit his mother at her home in Vedisagiri.

Devi, now a lady of wealth and influence in her native place, had some years before embraced the new faith, and a splendid monastery at Sanchi, a few miles from Vedisagiri, testified to her zeal and generosity. The son was received with great joy and pride by his mother, and installed in the monastery she had built; and during his short stay, by his preaching and example he aroused great enthusiasm among believers and effected some noteworthy conversions. The visit over, he set out upon his life's work with a band of devoted followers. The King of Ceylon, between whom and Asoka embassies had passed, was well disposed towards the mission, and received it with all honour, and having heard Mahendra gladly, straightway declared himself a convert. From the first the mission met with wonderful success, and thousands in a few months avowed themselves Buddhists. Many ardent

souls joined the Order, and for them the king created a noble monastery. Religious fervour reached such a pitch at length that Anula, the princess, with a large company of her maidens, begged to be admitted into the Order. But a nun of high standing alone had power to ordain women, and Mahendra's party was, of course, composed only of monks. Sanghamitra was naturally thought of to perform the ceremony, and an embassy was at once despatched to beg Asoka to grant his daughter also for the good work that had prospered so miraculously. Sanghamitra was very dear to the king's heart, and it grieved him sore to part with her; but in such a cause no sacrifice could be too great, therefore, he let her go, and to show his sympathy the more sent with her a branch of the sacred bo-tree, which he had topped off with his own hands. Sanghamitra and her companions, taking ship at Tamalīpti, now Tumluk, a port in the Bay of Bengal in the Midnapore District, after a quick and easy passage, reached the Island of Ceylon. There they were received with great rejoicings. Anula with her maidens was duly ordained, and Sanghamitra with all honour installed in a stately convent. For the remainder of their long and peaceful lives the brother and sister dwelt among the island people preaching and exhorting them to follow the law of piety and directing the affairs of the Order. Full of years and honoured and regretted by all, at length they passed away within a year of one another unto Nirvana where the silence lives.

Stripped of exaggerations and miraculous accretions invented by priests to catch the ear of a credulous and wonder-loving Eastern folk, such is

the simple and touching story of the conversion of Ceylon, told in the ancient Buddhist chronicles of the island. Yet this story, which suits so well with the gentle creed which has preserved it, and which does such honour to our common humanity, is now declared to be a fable.¹ We are bidden to reject it wholly and to treat it as an invention of mendacious monks. We are not entitled, so we are told, "to top off the miracles and accept the residuum of the story as authentic history"; for such a method violates "sound principles of historical criticism." No allowance, it seems, may be made for Oriental hyperbole. Clio has become a very superior person in these days, and if you wish for her attention your credentials must be above suspicion. She was tending at one time, I remember, to the belief that the whole story of Buddha's life was a fiction and beginning to talk of it as a myth, when she was suddenly confronted with the discovery of his birthplace and the undoubted proofs of his existence. May it not be possible that as great a danger lurks in being too sceptical as in being over credulous?

But the truth is, the Muse is growing old and crabbed and disenchanted, and she, who in her joyous youth would seriously incline to hear the wondrous tales which Herodotus was wont to tell her as they sat together watching the shadows of the clouds chase each other over the sunny waters of the blue Icarian Sea, sits in her study now, grey and disillusioned, poring with eyes grown dim over musty charters and illegible inscriptions; or, in the company of her sceptical German friends, revises her

¹ Vincent Smith's *Asoka*, p. 46.

ancient records by the aid of "sound principles of historical criticism." One of these sound principles is the copy-book maxim that "a liar is not believed even when he speaks the truth"; and, therefore, the prim old maid, greatly shocked at monkish mendacity, refuses to consider anything which comes from such a tainted source. To decipher the superscription on a coin, and perhaps by doing so to rescue from oblivion for her dynastic lists the name of some long forgotten king without a history, is to her a pure delight, but legends that tell of piety and renunciation in bygone ages hold no charms for one whose enthusiasms have long since gone down "with the old world to the grave." The sound principles of historical criticism which she has adopted, no doubt after many bitter experiences of deception, may be a safeguard against being taken in any more, but can she hope for any success in restoring the past, especially that of India, if its legends are to be disdainfully brushed aside? Monks and priests in every land have not scrupled to adorn the truth with miraculous trappings, and in the East a story, as we know, will hardly go down without embellishments. Asoka's splendid palace was, according to tradition, built by the *gènie* in one single night, therefore "on sound principles," we might deny its existence; but the palace nevertheless existed, for Fa-hian, the pious Chinese pilgrim, saw its ruins centuries later, and marvelled at their magnitude. What has the Muse to say of the myths of Einos and of Dædalus in face of the discoveries of Knossos? The ancient civilization of Crete is a fact after all, it seems, though dating back to a period long before her ladyship was born. Who can doubt that under-

neath the city of Patna and in the sands along the banks of the Ganges lie buried treasures of antiquity which would repay the trouble of excavation hardly less than those of Crete!

A story so circumstantial, "so tender and so true," as that of the mission of Mahendra to Ceylon is not lightly to be rejected. If instead of holding a brief against it, and perversely seeking by all means to discredit it, because it is overlaid with much that is supernatural and even silly, in a humbler spirit we care to inquire whether there is any external evidence to support it, we shall, I think, be surprised at the amount and quality of what is forthcoming. All traditions agree that a Buddhist mission was sent to Ceylon in the reign of the Great Asoka, and he himself, in his 13th Rock Edict, directly alludes to it. The list of missionaries sent to various countries by the pious king is given in the Mahavamsa, one of the Ceylonese chronicles, and in the list occurs the name of Mahendra, son of Asoka, who is described as a disciple of Tishya, son of Moggali, and the scene of his missionary labours is stated to have been Ceylon.

But the Mahavamsa, we are told, is a chronicle of lies and no trust can be placed in anything that it relates. However that may be, the ruins of a splendid monastery, as most people know, are still to be seen at Sanchi, in the neighbourhood of which, according to the legend, Devi, the mother of Mahendra, lived. Amid these ruins have been discovered relics of the son of Moggali himself, and in the same *stupa* relics also of two of the missionaries named in the Mahavamsa. So then, the list is not an imaginary one after all, and Tishya, the son of

Moggali, one of the chief actors in the story, is a real person. If, notwithstanding, the Muse likes to save her face by declaring that the Mahendra who went to Ceylon was another man of the same name and not the king's son, she may do so. Homer, we know, did not write his poems, but stole them from another poor fellow of the same name who did. How shall Mahendra hope to live in history when Shakespeare lies under a grave suspicion of fraud! But those who are not over much enamoured of German exegesis and like to think that the beautiful legend enshrines a true story of human life, may take comfort from the thought that its principal characters did undoubtedly exist.

THE POSITION OF THE INDIANS IN ENGLAND.

A Toi,
Savage !

“ Si vous voulez combattre,
Il faut croire d’abord ;
Il faut que le lutteur
Affirme la justice ;
Il faut, pour le devoir
Qu’il s’offre du sacrifice,
Et qu’il soit le plus pur,
S’il n’est pas le plus fort.”

—EUGÈNE MANUEL.

THE Indian prince on his travels, sometimes authentic and accredited by the India Office, sometimes a fraudulent potentate, at one time figured largely in novels. He may possibly still appear in the columns of *Punch* as the possible son-in-law of a lady blessed with too many daughters. But in actual life the real Indian Princes on their travels are as well known as Peers of the realm, and the swindlers who prey upon the too credulous admirers of a Rajah are few in number. On the other hand, the colony of Indian students in England is a large and growing one. There are now some eighty Indians at Cambridge, about half that number at Oxford, perhaps fifty or so at the Inns of Court and at London hospitals. In all there must be at least two hundred Indian students

in the United Kingdom. That does not seem a very large contingent from the 300,000,000 of India. But the individual student spends only from three to five years in England, and thus the corps is constantly renewed by increasing numbers of newcomers. Thus, in twenty years or so, not less than a thousand Indians will have spent some of the most impressionable years of their life in England.

No one can deny that it is desirable that these young fellows should pass their brief exile pleasantly and profitably, and should derive the maximum of benefit from their stay in the West. Many attempts have been made to give young Indians in England a helping hand. Have they been successful? Probably these young students find their most congenial resort in Cambridge; they are sufficiently numerous there to people a college of their own, were an Indian college possible or desirable. The Hindu or Mohammedan undergraduate can, at all events, be pretty sure of finding men of his own province, and probably of his own creed, and even caste. They may, and many of them do, enjoy the society of their English fellows, but after all, they are in a foreign land, and it must be a solace to be able to talk their native speech and to receive kindly memories of their distant home. It is open to them to study the manners and the religion of England, but they are not compelled to conform to these, unless in a show of outward deference to local custom. They gain a very adequate knowledge of undergraduate life; then this is only a passing phase of English life. Young Englishmen enjoy, and are the better for, the tempered freedom, the mixed study and games of a life in college; but they spend

their vacations at home. They pass the somewhat generous intervals between the university terms in country houses, in rectories, in the suburbs of great cities, in the many varied places, where the educated young Englishmen have their homes.

What becomes of the young Indians during these periods of relaxation? Some stay up at the universities. These are studious youths as a rule, and the dulness of vacation time does not trouble them much. Some travel. They go to the seaside or to Paris. They live, that is, in lodging-houses and hotels. Very few of them are invited to English homes. Of course there are exceptions. There are young Indians who are not only acceptable comrades, but have sufficient experience of English social life to be welcome guests in the homes of English ladies. But most young Indians have no experience of feminine society outside the *ZANANA*. They are rarely so gauche and clumsy as a young Englishman who has been badly brought up; but they lack the ease of manner, friendly and frank and yet respectful, which an English girl looks for from her brothers' friends; and for this and for other causes young Indians do not see much of the home life of their fellow-students. Sometimes when their wives accompany them to Europe, they are more fortunate; but as a rule, there is a distinct difficulty in securing an admission for them into the social life of England.

Yet they not infrequently take to themselves English wives. Of the ethics, of the advantages and disadvantages of mixed marriages no mention will be made. It is sufficient to state that as a matter of fact such marriages occur, and that such disadvantages as they possess are not lessened by the fact

that young Indians in England are not often in a position to choose their wives among well-educated and refined English women. There are exceptions to this rule, as we all know, but such is the rule. Is it a rule which can or should be altered? One obvious consideration is that these young Indian students are not permanent colonists in England. They are birds of passage. Instances are not wanting of Indians who have become Englishmen in everything, but appearance—Englishmen, if not by legal naturalization, still Englishmen in thought and manner and speech. But the Indian student's aim is usually not to become an Englishman, but to take his degree or get called to the Bar, and to return to his native land as a civilian. It is a natural and a laudable ambition. Again, if a European education implied an admission, or even a desire for admission to European Society in the East, things might be different. But we know that it is very rarely the case. Even among Englishmen the fact that a man who has had a university education does not necessarily imply that he has cultivated the social amenities which are the passports to ladies' drawing-rooms. The Indian who desires to cultivate such amenities is rare in England; he is still rarer among the educated Indians who return to India and come once more under the sway of the social customs of their youth. It is merely stating an existing fact, and not discussing at all whether it is good or bad. From time to time benevolent people in England wake up to this fact, sometimes it strikes them as a social hardship to be remedied if possible. Sometimes it occurs to pious souls as a startling and ominous fact that hundreds of Mussulmans and

Hindus live four or five years in a Christian land and yet return to India as much a Hindu or a Moham-medan as they came. They are seized with a desire to start a social or religious propaganda among the few hundred Indian youths, who may be found year in and year out in our Christian land. We are very tolerant nowadays, and education has, in the hideous modern phrase, become "undenominational"—that is, the teaching of dogma is no longer a necessary part of the humaner letters. A man may be perfectly well educated and yet be a Hindu, or a Buddhist, or Comtist, or nothing at all for that matter. Yet it is felt as an anomaly that when millions are spent on missions in foreign parts, these young sojourners in a Christian land are subjected to no sort of propaganda—unless, indeed, their landlady's daughter should induce them to accompany her to church, a missionary effort is more likely to lead to matrimony than to conversion.

It is advisable that these young Indian students should be freely admitted to English home life, and that they should, on the other hand, be the objects of missionary efforts during their stay in the West. To take the last and the easiest point first, it is obvious that students in England have ample opportunities of studying Christian doctrine, if they and their parents wish it. When their parents send them across the seas it is with the implied understanding that they shall remain Hindu or Mussulman as the case may be. In sending them into a strange land, they take the same risk as English parents incur when their sons travel in Roman Catholic lands, or in Mohammedan lands. As a rule, the risk is not great; nor is it great in the case of Indian

students, and no special preaching to young Indians will alter the effect. As for the admission of Indian travellers and students to wider social privileges in England, that is hardly possible until social conditions in India are altered. Americans and Indians who are properly qualified are freely admitted to English society. Why? Because the social conditions on each side are such that intermarriage is possible and common. Anglo-Saxon Society is one in which men and women move on equal terms. In France and Italy the same degree of equality has not yet been obtained. In India the social freedom of women is a thing which, at all events, no one now living will see. While this state of things lasts, an Indian, even if he possesses all other qualifications—some of which many Englishmen lack—can only be fully admitted to English Society if he entirely abandons his own social system and habits. This is a sacrifice which no one has a right to ask, and which only very competent and exceptional men will desire to make. In short, the relations of Englishmen and Indians are the result of a tacit compromise due to the experience of a hundred and fifty years. It is not an ideally perfect social arrangement. Many Englishmen have regretted during their long exile in India, that they could not fully share in the social life of their Indian friends. Sometimes their exclusion is attributed to their own exclusiveness, although it is obvious that not all Englishmen are exclusive, while many are keenly inquisitive and fond of investigating exotic social systems. No doubt many young Indians in England find their position on the verge of the home life of their English friends a tantalizing one. But the bonds of social

custom are not to be lightly snapped. In England the social customs are as fluent and lax as in any part of the world; still it has its wholesale heredity which no man can disregard save at his peril. It may be said that the English social system is un-Christian or non-Christian. As a matter of fact it has no direct relations with religion at all. Religion does subtly colour and affect the social systems, as it does, much more obviously and rigorously in India. In any case, social life is not a matter of deliberate contrivance or of reasoned legislation. It is probably best to leave young Indian students in England to find their temporary place in society as they now do. The mere effort of adapting themselves to uncongenial and unaccustomed surroundings is an education.

It is to be regretted that those who have been subjected to it should relapse into Zanana and its surroundings, but they do so of their own free-will, and therefore it must be concluded that though the changes which are taking place in Indian Society are very slow, they are at least real and lasting. Therefore it is not on England's part to be regretted that Indian students are not in three or four years converted into Christian gentlemen. That is not the purpose for which their parents send them to the West; and if more of them underwent entire sea-change the migration from East to West would cease. That would be a matter of much more serious import than the fact that those who do come now do not show any general desire to discard their own social ways and religion for those of the West, whose attraction is in other respects so powerful.

THE PROBLEM OF INDIA'S UNION; OR, THE NEED OF PATRIOTISM TO ELIMI- NATE SECTARIANISM IN INDIA.

“Progress is
The law of life, man is not man as yet ;
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows : when the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
I say, begins Man's general infancy.”

—BROWNING, “Paracelsus.”

“O Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.”

—TENNYSON.

EVERY man, by consulting his own heart, may easily know whether he is, or is not a patriot; nevertheless, at a time when the atmosphere is charged with ideas which some people regard as in the highest degree patriotic, and others in the last degree mischievous, it may seem no easy task to write with truth and fairness on a subject which presents itself to most people's minds as one of which the bearings are almost entirely political—a political subject, as it is often loosely characterized. For, in the minds of the generality of educated people, the word Patriot-

ism is associated with names like those of Pym and Hampden, Mazzini and Garibaldi, men who have wrestled for their country's good in the political arena; and thus it happens that the very mention of patriotism calls up ideas of political strife and struggle, of great commotions in the body politic, if not of actual revolution and bloodshed. This, however, implies a great narrowing of the subject, which appears to me to have an exceedingly wide range, its political aspect, as I hope to show in this discourse, representing only a small part of its significance. And even on its political side it is by no means a general truth that the duty of patriotism is synonymous with the call to be disaffected towards the Government actually existing in a particular country—to offer active opposition to its operations, or even by passive resistance to render its work difficult, irksome, and perilous.

My object in writing this is to help, if I can, towards a more just and rational appreciation of the patriotic sentiment and duty on the part of all those who acknowledge India as their land of birth, and particularly on the part of those who own allegiance to Jesus Christ.

No name is more honoured and cherished among men than the name of a Patriot. It is indeed a name to conjure with, witness the name of Bruce for Scotland and of Shivaji for Western India, and many another name which can be easily mentioned. We venerate the great teachers of the world, Socrates and Buddha, but we feel they stand upon an eminence too high for us to attain; we can only gaze on them with respectful awe. We are proud of men of genius—great-thinkers, heaven-born

generals, gifted inventors, inspired poets, statesmen with an almost prophetic insight and foresight; but our feeling in relation to such men is one of "admiring despair"; we may never hope to imitate their genius, which is a special endowment. The Patriot comes nearer to our sympathies than any of these men. We can appreciate his feelings when very often we are at a loss what to make of these others. More often than not they do not interest us in the least, their hopes and aspirations lie outside the region of our appreciation, and we simply give them up. Let us try to analyse closely the patriotic sentiment—what constitutes it? what are its essential elements? A man may love his country from a variety of motives. He may be fondly attached to the place of his birth, the spot round which cluster his earliest and sweetest memories—the memories of home and warm loves and friendships; and advancing years may strengthen this attachment to the exclusion of all others. Or, again, a man may have a feeling for the beauty of the physical aspects of the country to which he belongs. Its picturesque landscape, its alternation of hills and valleys, mountains and meadows, may powerfully appeal to his æsthetic faculty; and thus he may love his country for the beauty of its features. Or, again, the historical interest of a man's native land may take possession of his soul and affections. Such a country as India, for instance, makes a strong demand upon the sympathy and interest of every student of her long and chequered past. Her ancient civilization, once so much in advance of any other known to the world, the ardent longings after God of her saints and sages, in short, her whole history,

so full of romance and so replete with vicissitudes, may well appeal to the imagination of any student of antiquities, and particularly of one who owns her as his Motherland. Now, Patriotism takes in all these feelings and is yet a different thing from any one of them, or from the sum of two or more of them. A person may be a lover of home or a lover of natural beauty, or a devoted student of history and antiquities, or all of these, without thereby becoming a Patriot. It is a very complex sentiment this of patriotism and one somewhat difficult of analysis, since, like most of our refined feelings, it is so composite, but it seems to me that the essence of the sentiment consists in the recognition of a duty to actively promote, so far as lies in one, the general welfare of the people of the country to which one belongs.

It is active good-will towards all of one's countrymen taking the form of a realized duty to promote their general good. It is the determination to actively serve his country which distinguishes the patriot on the one hand from the student whose interest in his country is purely speculative, and on the other from the philosophic cosmopolite who desires the development of the whole human race, and is not interested in the fortunes of any one country for its own sake.

I have spoken of patriotism as a complex sentiment. It is at the same time an exceedingly powerful sentiment, and when embraced becomes the motive and inspiration of noble action at the cost of any suffering and self-denial. It is a manly sentiment, in the highest degree exhibiting those qualities which are peculiar to man—courage, generosity and self-

forgetfulness. The patriot's duty assumes very various forms. It varies with the circumstances of his country, and also with the peculiarities of his own temperament, opportunities and capacities. A form of government which may be very beneficial to one nation may prove the ruin of another; knowledge for which one country is fully ripe may be too early for another, and if conveyed thereto may do more harm than good; the just and wise aspirations of one nation may be mere foolishness in another: and therefore the true lover of his country has to take into careful account the special conditions of the life lived by the bulk of his countrymen. Mr. John Morley has somewhere said that "the problem of the politician is individual," in the sense that political generalizations are of little use as applied to the circumstances of individual society. Exactly in the same sense the problem of the patriot is also individual. Let us, then, turn for a little to the special circumstances of India and deduce therefrom any plain duties to which we may be called, if we would serve her well, which means wisely; there is one feature of the present condition of India which is more patent than any other, and that is her *divided state*. There are few countries in the world in which the conflict between classes and creeds and interests is as great as in that land. Her friends and foes alike declare it, and I think it will be at once conceded that it is the first plain duty of every true son of India to earnestly watch and study the tendencies which make for union and assimilation, and also to guard against those which work in the opposite direction. And thus the first question which every (true) Indian patriot will ask himself is this:

“What can make this much-divided land one? Is there any force or power strong enough to compel the population of this Country to lay aside their *Sectarian*, or provincial, or racial differences and unite as one people, in the common interests of the land?” There are many thoughtful men who hold that Education in the arts and sciences of the West is the surest and most thoughtful way of effecting this union, which is to be so ardently desired in the best interests of India. I myself am a thorough believer in Education, but I do not attach so much weight as these men do to its uniting force. As conducted on present lines, it does not seem to me to be powerful enough to destroy the racial and religious antipathies of the people of India, while it creates and encourages ambitions which appear to me to have very little connection with the progress and growth of the vast masses of the country. We shall realize this more clearly if we reflect what a small fraction of the population comes under the influence of Education at all; and of that small fraction how very few receive the kind of Education which makes men drown their personal and class interests in the desire to seek the good of the whole community. Surely it requires very little observation to see that under the present system a very minute minority receives advanced instruction in the learning of the West—a “microscopic” minority, to use the famous phrase of Lord Dufferin, while the teeming millions of the whole country are enveloped in absolute ignorance, which prevents their forming the smallest conception of the life and interests of the educated classes, and thus fixes a very wide gulf between one very small section and the vast bulk of

the community. It will thus be seen that whatever uniting power education may have and exercise—as imparted in that country—it also acts on the other side as a strong disintegrating force, separating a small class and pitching that class into a position of complete isolation from the rest of the people. Others, again, believe in what they call “Community of political interest.” The political interest of all the people of this country is one, they say. The thousand elements of the Indian population have all been brought under one power and subjected under one system of government, and we are told that in the establishment of this central power, ruling the various sections of its subjects with an even hand, lies their hope of national union. “Why should they quarrel amongst themselves,” ask these political moralists, “when all of them are in one and the same political situation, when their interest is to act in harmony and union?” Alas! if people only understood their interests. But the walls of sectarian jealousies, race antipathies, and religious hatred are too strong for the philosophic reasoning of the most patriotic orator or publicist. No intelligent observer of recent events in India can long doubt that this community of political interest is a very slender tie indeed. Have we not had very recently, in many parts of India, the spectacle of Hindus flying at the throats of Mohammedans and *vice versâ*; where the political interest of these fighting communities were perfectly identical, the same power ruling both with even-handed justice? Nor will it be correct to say that riots are solely the work of ignorant and infuriated mobs urged on by their blind passions and prejudices. Behind these

lawless movements there are always men of education and influence, whose scheming and support make these things possible and sustain their violence. In these cases the blind seldom lead the blind ; but it is the leaders of the contending parties who urge their followers to acts which they themselves are too prudent to openly take part in. It therefore appears to me that, however great may be the political and other benefits of education, and of a common and uniform government for the country, these influences are too weak to unite the discordant elements which compose India, and that those who place too much hope on these agencies are doomed to disappointment.

Shall we, then, give up the problem of India's union as insoluble? Assuredly not, we, who profess Christianity, and have known and experienced the uniting power of our religion. India has been truly described as "the land of three hundred millions of Hindus, Buddhists, Mohammedans, and Auirists, all at variance with each other"; yet we know that the religion of Christ is powerful enough to unite even these antagonistic elements in the bonds of brotherly love and good-will. Think of what Christianity has already done for India in less than fifty years. It has drawn from every religious community inhabiting that vast land; it has united its converts in the bonds of a faith which recognizes no distinction of race or nationality. It has weakened the hold of Caste, even over those who have not embraced it; it has breathed fresh life and energy into large classes, whom the social neglect and ill-usage of ages had made useless and hopeless members of the Body-politic; in a word, it has undermined the

whole of the social fabric, based as it was on the principle of separation—separation between class and class, and caste and caste. Nor has the work of Christianity been chiefly or mainly that of demolition. It is building up a strong, compact, and united community, which, in God's providence, is destined to spread and grow and cover the whole of that land. Our calling is mainly spiritual, it is true; but according to the divine law of human progress it is the spirit which affects the sum of the conditions of life, and thus, while the spread of the religion of our Blessed Saviour is elevating the moral and spiritual life of the people, it is also effectually helping in the solution of a political problem of the very greatest moment—the welding of many peoples inhabiting almost a Continent into a united people of nationality. We might look forward to the future, as described by an English poet, Lewis Morris—

“There shall come from out the noise of strife and groaning
A broader day, a juster brotherhood;
A deep equality of aim postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good.
There shall come a time when each shall to the other
Be as God would have him—brother to brother.”

The opinion has been repeatedly expressed by many a competent observer—both by those engaged in evangelistic and by those engaged in administrative work—that nothing *but* a strong religious principle can destroy the distracting divisions of the Indian people and make them one. And we are sure that such a principle is the Faith of Christ, which, wherever it goes, binds more strongly than

any other tie which can unite man to man. I am aware that this reasoning and this hope are regarded as simple foolishness by most of the educated non-Christians, and I should have elaborated this point in much greater detail than I have done here; but to some I sincerely trust this is as clear as to be almost self-evident. Let us, then, as true friends and well-wishers of India, earnestly help in the great work of evangelization which is going on there, fully persuaded that this is the only sure way of uniting the people. After union the one great need of India is knowledge. Let us seek to advance them with all our strength and earnestness in the learning of the West, and to do everything that in us lies to spread this blessing broadcast amongst the people of India, and let us not forget that in the providence of God their destinies have now been linked to those of the Western nations, and that in future (unless an unimaginable cataclysm takes place) their race will have to be run in our company. If they recognize this, they will attach much greater importance than they do to the knowledge of Western arts and sciences. And when I speak of Western learning I include industrial knowledge also; for much as I value literary culture, it seems to me that they will never be able to keep pace with the European nations unless they acquire the mechanical arts and industries of the West. India has been too much given, in the past, to abstract speculation, and unless she learns how to employ and develop her material resources, progress in the paths of Western civilization will be impossible. I have spoken of the civilization of the West. Let us remember that this should be the goal of every

true Indian. We often hear Eastern civilization spoken of in terms of the most enthusiastic admiration, and Indians are not infrequently advised to acquaint themselves with it and not waste their strength in the "vain" attempt to occidentalize the Orient. "The East will be East, and the West will be West," they are answered, "and the two can never meet." Let them not be misled by any such talk. The East will be East undoubtedly, and will retain many of its Oriental traits to the end; but truth is not different for the East and for the West, and their endeavour should be to seek and propagate truth. If they consider Western ideas to be true, let them eagerly acquire them, wherever they come from. Let them never be afraid of honest imitation, but rather seek after the best and highest in everything. They "zealously seek us in no good way" who advise us to shut our minds to any foreign knowledge. There is no such thing as native and foreign where truth is concerned, for there is no nationality of truth. The wise patriot will therefore cast aside all ignorant prejudice, and endeavour to acquire and impart truth to his countrymen regardless of the source whence it comes. "More light" were the last words of the great German poet Goethe, and they should be the motto of every true friend of his country. While we are on this subject of knowledge, I shall take the liberty of making one suggestion to Indian Christians. I have already expressed a view that as a community their endeavour should be to acquire as much knowledge as they can of the literature, science, arts, and industries of the West. They need good literary men and able men of science, and they also need

men who will devote themselves to the mechanical arts and industries—skilled workmen and artisans. But whatever they are ignorant of, there is one knowledge of which, as a community, they must not be ignorant. I mean the knowledge of the Bible. For it is an immense power in their hands for moulding the character of their community, and of those with whom they come in contact. The Bible has shaped the character and destinies of every nation and people which has earnestly studied and heeded its holy and lofty precepts. John Richard Green, the well-known English historian, has told us that Puritan England was the creation of one book, and we know how deeply the character and destinies of the Scotch people have been influenced by their intimate acquaintance, as a nation, with the Bible. This glorious literature is open to them! and the generosity of Christian men and women of Europe and America has placed easy and abundant means within their reach of acquainting themselves with it in all its wealth and beauty. No Christian has the smallest excuse for being ignorant of the Bible, and, as a patriotic Christian man, nothing grieves me so much as to see the widespread ignorance of Scripture which prevails amongst Christians in India. What power and opportunities for usefulness they are deliberately depriving themselves of, when they choose to continue in ignorance of this great source of illumination which God has given them as a lamp unto their feet! Every man who possesses an intimate acquaintance with scriptural literature, however humble his station or learning, is in possession of a power by which he can make his influence perceptibly felt

among his neighbours of any creed whatever. He is acquainted with a new song, a new way of life, a new righteousness, which by its intrinsic beauty is bound to arrest the attention and win the hearts of men who are strangers to it. De Quincey has spoken somewhere of a literature of power. Now, it is admitted on all hands that no literature in the World has exercised more influence in elevating the lives of men than our Christian Scripture, and it is with this living, inspiring literature that they can, with a little labour and a little self-denial and a little self-devotion, form a close acquaintance. Is it not, then, their plain duty, even as prudent men and well-wishers of India, to make this invaluable treasure their own, so that they may be able to dispense its riches to their countrymen, whom, they know from their own experience, it is bound to quicken into a new and higher life? The Indians are, as has been repeatedly said, in a period of transition; they leave behind them a very old civilization which had been the firm hold of the social life of their people, and now they have been brought into contact with a completely new civilization of such a sweep and power that in a very few years it has sapped the very foundations of its predecessors. They have now to choose their ideals. Shall they be in the Eastern or the Western ideal of life? It seems to me I have implied before that the fiat has gone forth that their country shall march *Westward*. Let them not blindly kick against the pricks, they cannot long resist the majestic march of Western ideas. Is it not much wiser, and therefore more truly patriotic, to enthusiastically imbibe the thought and culture of the West, to

make the Western ideal of life and society their own, and thus to help forward the advancing tide which is sweeping over India? I admit that in their enthusiasm of things Western they are in danger of imitating too much, and often in a way not quite suited to their needs and surroundings; but these excesses are incidental to a time of rapid change, and they are certain, in course of time, to be dropped or modified till an adjustment is effected of those new conditions to their national modes of life and thought. By now much rather over-eager enthusiasm than stolid indifference, the disingenuous love for the old which affects admiration for morals; manners and institutions which belong to an altogether antiquated order of things, and are therefore doomed to perish.

In the beginning of this discourse I said that in the minds of many people the duty of the patriot is indissolubly connected with politics. Is it not remarkable that while we seldom hear as reference to the patriotism of those who, by life and example, are striving to wean their country from religious error and superstition, or of those who have manfully identified themselves with the cause of social reform, or of those who are aiming at the educational and industrial elevation of the people, the action of those engaged in political agitation, in criticizing the actions of the Government, and in clamouring for what they call "political" rights, is repeatedly held up to their admiration as eminently patriotic? This certainly arises from the one-sidedness of their education, which fails to impress upon them that there are many ways of serving India as there are many ways of serving God. And after all, the political life of

society is but the reflex of its morals and religious life. If the heart of a people is elevated and enlarged, it is certain to lead to noble action in the region of politics. Consider the great and beneficial political movements of history. They have sprung from a national conviction that a certain order of things was right and beneficial, and that the reverse was wrong and injurious. Thus, those who are endeavouring to elevate the tone and sentiment of their countrymen, those who are striving to raise their moral and social ideals, are patriots in the truest sense of the term—men who seek to serve the country by promoting their highest interests. I do not, however, mean to imply by these suggestions that it is not possible for a man to render effective service to his country in the strictly political sphere. It certainly is a sphere of great usefulness for those who are attracted to it; and as so much of the thought of educated Indians flows in this channel, it seems desirable to make a brief survey of the political condition of the India of the nineteenth century, with a view to arrive, if possible, at a correct appreciation of their political duty as patriots. I shall begin by laying down a fundamental proposition about which the educated men of India, whatever their race or religious persuasion, are in cordial agreement—viz., that their political ideal is European, or still more accurately, English. They wish their countrymen to enjoy the same political privileges and liberties as Englishmen enjoy—in a word, they desire to be put in the political position of the English citizen. This will be conceded by every educated Indian; for no thoughtful Indian familiar with English history seriously desires to see an Oriental

monarchy established in his country, however loud he may be in his academic enthusiasm for the rule of other native princes. Assuming, then, that they are agreed upon their ideal, the question before them is, by what methods are they to realize it? To this many of the educated men of India have a ready and unhesitating answer—"By political agitation." The people of England, they are gravely informed, have fought for their rights, and have shed blood to win their liberties; and they must do likewise if they are to attain to the position of the political freedom of England. This is all very good; but they are taking a very incomplete view of English history when they fix their eyes only on the political struggle and leave out of account the silent progress of ages—the slow but sure discipline in self-education, self-control and self-government through which the people of that country have passed. The English Constitution, which Indians so much admire and so ardently desire, is to Englishmen "the most perfect of human formations; it is to them not a mere polity to be compared with the government of any other state, but so to speak, a sacred mystery of statesmanship. It has not been made, but has grown; it is the fruit, not of abstract theory, but of that instruction which has enabled Englishmen, and especially uncivilized Englishmen, to build up sound and lasting institutions much as bees construct a honeycomb, without undergoing the degradation of understanding the principles on which they raise a fabric more subtly wrought than any work of conscious art. . . .

"No precise day can be named as the day of the birth of the constitution: no definite body of persons can claim to be its creators: no one can point to the

document which contains its clauses: it is, in short, a thing by itself, which Englishmen and foreigners alike should venerate where they are not presently able to comprehend."

These words, which I have taken from Professor Dicey's well-known book on the law of the English Constitution, suggest most important points for the reflection of our political agitators. May we not point out to them in the first place, that a thing of such slow and natural growth, and so mysterious from its very naturalness, is most difficult to be understood even by Englishmen themselves (as Professor Dicey shows), and much more difficult to be understood by foreigners, however well read they may be in English history? Indian politicians split precisely on this rock. They suppose they understand all about the government of England, and they affect an easy familiarity with the English Constitution, than which few works of "conscious art" are more subtly wrought. Again, they fall into the error of imagining that the acquisition of that Constitution is a comparatively easy thing. "Opposition" is the watchword of these patriots; but the English Constitution has not been the result of a struggle alone. What about the slow but uninterrupted progress of the people in knowledge, intelligence, and self-control? What about the acquisition of those habits of industry and uprightness which make for order and good government? What about the growth of sympathies and tastes, which make popular government work so smoothly in England, when in other European countries it is subject to frequent outbursts of revolutionary violence? These are qualities which the

people of the soil have taken centuries to acquire, even supposing that the political struggle on which alone their leaders concentrate their attention can be finished so soon as they imagine. They must grow into a genuine and sincere admiration of English institutions if they are to hope to understand them and benefit by them. Hence the utter unwisdom of their putting themselves in an unfriendly attitude to the British Government. We do not learn by hating our teachers and considering them our *natural enemies*. If the Indians are to be taught to appreciate English institutions, it will not be by being taught to believe the rule of Great Britain is based on oppression, injustice, and greed. To me it is a wonder and disappointment that their political leaders do not see how ruinous such teaching is to the best interests of their country, not to speak of its utter untruth. Let them who are Christians beware of the leaven of these teachers. They, more than all other subjects of this great Empire, ought to realize the nobility of Great Britain's motives in bearing the rule of that land. They whom England has taught to "*speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, the faith and morals hold which Milton held,*" ought to appreciate the privileges which the generosity of Great Britain has conferred on them, and ought to feel unfeignedly grateful to the noble people who, under Divine guidance, are leading them to higher and better things than any they have known in the past. Let the people of India not for a moment doubt that England is ruling them for their highest good, and let them distinguish themselves as pre-eminently loyal subjects of the British Empire and sincere admirers of the British nation. Only thus will they rightly

discharge the duty that is laid upon them as those who hold the faith of their rulers: for it seems to me that they have a special calling in the department of politics, that to them has been committed even a "ministry of reconciliation."

The people of India have known the noble spirit of Great Britain, they have experienced her bounty in a special manner; and it is their duty therefore to interpret the aims and motives of England. How will they properly acquit themselves of this duty unless they keep closely in touch with their countrymen, while with sincere admiration and devotion they drink in the best of England and her people? I do not agree with those people who hold that Indian Christians should not involve themselves in politics. My conviction is, that it is their duty as Christian men to touch the lives of their countrymen on as many sides as they can, entering into every interest of their people and seeking God's help to elevate every department of their life and activity, even as our blessed Master identified himself with every detail of the life of the society in which He moved. Their teachers need to cultivate broad sympathies, lest their countrymen take them for men of narrow prejudices, and they thus miss the glorious opportunities which are theirs at this time when their countrymen are standing as it were at the parting of the ways. And particularly as regards politics, if counsels of moderation, good feeling towards their rulers and good citizenship, wherever needed they are most needed at this time of angry and excited feelings. Hence the need at this time of "Christianizing" politics, if the expression is permissible; and hence the special call on Indian Christians not to neglect this department of

activity, which has such absorbing interest for so many of their educated men. It is a department in which they ought to make their influence felt, and I consider it my duty the more emphatically to urge its claims, as it appears to me that there is an unfortunate tendency among educated Christians in India to ignore these claims altogether. They should realize their calling in this direction and endeavour to rise to its height.

In conclusion, I cannot better summarize what I have endeavoured to inculcate than in these noble words of Shakespeare—

“Be just, and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fallest, O Cromwell,
Thou fallest a blessed martyr.”

EASTERN SUPERSTITION.

“WHEN man seized the loadstone of science, the loadstar of superstition vanished in the clouds.” Such has been the case, generally speaking, in the West; but in the gloom of the East the loadstar of superstition still burns as brightly as ever, for the banner of truth is but partially unfurled.

The native is an avowed fatalist and a living contradiction. He professes the doctrine of *Kismet* (luck) and *taqdir*, yet if he is a follower of the Prophet, he will pray five times a day; while if he be a Hindu, he will journey long distances to immerse himself in the waters of the Holy Ganga, and will garland Mahadeo with flowers. He professes to believe that whatever happens here has been pre-ordained, and yet he has hedged himself in with a multitude of superstitions, in which he has implicit faith, and which act as sign-posts on his road through life. Born in the murky atmosphere of the East, of idolatrous or fatalist parents, he remains tinctured with superstition all through life, whether his lines be cast in the busy streets of some smoke-girdled city or in a quiet rural home; for “the superstition in which we have grown up does not lose its hold over us even when we recognize it for such.” In his childhood, as he toddles out to tend his father’s herd

or goes slouching through the dust to school, he picks up a knowledge of the signs and learns to discriminate between good and bad omens. If he be a son of the Prophet and a pig should cross his path, he will instantly make a detour, for pigs are loathsome and unlucky; but strange to say, if he should happen upon a funeral party on their way to the burial, he will rejoice, for it is a good omen and success will be sure to reward his efforts. He will strain his eyes to descry the faint sickle of the new moon on the first day of her appearance, for she brings fortune in her train, but failure on his part will result in a month's sorrow and misery for himself and his family.

If he is a Hindu he will soon learn to read the signs of the road, and will allow himself to be influenced by them. The number of such signs is beyond computation, but a few may be mentioned here. If a crow should caw on his left, or if he should be fortunate enough to meet a woman carrying a child in her arms, he will find cause for self-congratulation, these being considered favourable omens; but the sight of two Brahmins poring over a book will instantly cast him into a fit of deep despondency. A blue jay on his left or a deer on his right will act upon his system like a stimulant, bringing a brightness to his eye and an elasticity to his step; but should a black snake, a fox, or a jackal cross his path some terrible affliction will follow. If within the first six miles of his journey he should encounter a person with cross-eyes, or having one eye blind, he will immediately retrace his steps, calling to mind the advice contained in the following verse:—

“Tin kos tak millé jo kana,
 Lowt ai wo bara siana
 Kané ne kharé pukar
 Aincha tané se raho hushiar.”

Which might be rendered into English as follows:—

“Six miles within, ‘One-Eye’ you meet,
 Be wise in time and beat retreat;
 But in his turn the Cyclops cries,
 Beware of him who hath cross-eyes.”

A monkey on his path in the morning will bring him misfortune, unless he takes the precaution to close his eyes and ignore its presence. He must not under any circumstance take its name before his first meal, or he will go hungry throughout the day; for has not Tulsi Das, the Goshain sage, said—

“Pirat le jo nam hamara,
 Ta dín tahe na millé ahara,”

and Tulsi Das ought to know.

Should necessity compel him to tread the road by night, he will peer through the darkness for the night signals, and will try to look into the future by means of the birds. If a bird, roused from her slumbers by his trespassing footfalls, should flutter away into the darkness and return to the same roost from which she rose, he will go on his way rejoicing, for his future is assured: some day he will command the respect due to Taluqadar, or mount the throne of a Rajah.

Having graduated during his childhood in the lesser superstitions, he will next turn his attention to the more complicated. We will say he is a Mohammedan, has reached the age of puberty,

and desires marriage. His mother will carefully examine the girl selected, and subject her to the closest scrutiny, and if she should discover any of the hundred and one unlucky marks common to the fair sex, she will immediately cry off. The unluckiest of all unlucky marks on women is perhaps the *Sampin Bhowrie*, a mark caused by a peculiar formation of the hair on the forehead, and resembling the head of a snake in outline. A woman bearing this brand is doomed to widowhood, and will outlive as many husbands as her relatives care to give her. A native friend of mine once told me that he had narrowly escaped being married to a girl with this mark. His mother detected the fatal sign in time, and so saved him. Later, the girl was married to a friend of his, and a few months after the marriage his friend died. A bride having been selected, he will next turn his attention to a suitable habitation. The house must not have a southern aspect, for the Genii dwell in that direction, and will sooner or later take possession of the building. Once having gained an entrance, no power on earth will expel these evil spirits; they haunt and molest the tenants, will kill their children, and will introduce all manner of diseases. This superstition is common to both Mohammedans and Hindus.

Having selected a suitable building for his future home, he will, perhaps, next set about beautifying the courtyard with shrubs and flowers. Now, if he is a follower of the *Quoran*, he will rigidly eschew the pomegranate, guava, chimali, and raibail; while if Sita is the object of his worship, he will cultivate marigolds and the sweet basil. Now comes the marriage.

The astrologers are consulted and a date is appointed, but every fifth day is banned, reckoning from the third day of each month, and Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays are best avoided. Then follows a journey. The groom must hasten home to fetch his smiling bride, or may be he is bringing her back to the house he has prepared for her. An auspicious day must be chosen for the journey. Instantly, if he is a believer of the Prophet, he will recall to mind the couplet learned in the days of his childhood—

“Shurk dur shamba, doshamba : jumma, ekshamba garoob,
Se Chaharo dur Shimalo : punjshamba dur janoob.”

Which, in plain language, means that you should not travel East on Saturdays and Mondays; West on Fridays and Sundays; North on Tuesdays and Wednesdays; and South on Thursdays.

The Hindus have the same superstition, but expressed in different words:—

“Som, sanechar purab ne chaloo;
Mangal Budh utar dis kaloo;
Jumma, It war pacham ne chaloo;
Dakhin béké hai manaloo.”

But it may so fall out that circumstances over which he has no control compel a native to begin his journey on one of the unlucky days. Now what is to be done? Does he lose heart? Not at all. He has the key to the trouble in the magic word *patrap*—the “Open Sesame,” which unbars the door and allows him to emerge a happy man. He has not the pluck to stand up to his shadowy foes, so seeks safety in strategy. Selecting a lucky day, he dons

the costume of a traveller, and with scrip and staff and great ostentation, sets out ostensibly for a long journey, but in reality does not go very far. He calls at the house of some friend, and after depositing a part of his baggage there, returns to his home by a circuitous route. He thus succeeds in hoodwinking the evil spirits, and when it suits his convenience resumes the journey regardless of the day of the week. This sham journey and the leaving of baggage is called *patrap*. He will now get married with a clear conscience, but there are still many pitfalls in his path; for if any of his children happen to be born on a Monday, Wednesday, or Saturday, or in the afternoon, the advent of the little one is more likely to prove a curse than a blessing.

In selecting a horse he will study the markings of the animal more closely than its soundness and strength. An animal with a black palate, or one marked with a *mainda singi*—a spot on the forehead supposed to resemble a frog in contour—will be unconditionally rejected. A *sitara-paishani*—a star on the forehead which may be covered by the thumb—or a patch of white between the forelegs, called *hardawal*, are reckoned unlucky marks, and will condemn an otherwise suitable beast. A superstition is also attached to horses with one white stocking, termed *arjol*; and to those with the *sampin bhowrie* on the neck; but in the latter case, if the mark occurs on both sides of the neck the purchaser need fear no evil consequences. Cattle also display a variety of marks and signs to which superstition has attached significance. For instance, an animal in the habit of constantly shaking its head is considered *manhus*—i.e., possessed of evil spirits.

And so throughout his life, from the time he learns to babble to the time he is laid in the grave or on the funeral pyre, the native has one long fight with a countless host of malignant and shadowy beings who are ever on the watch to take him at a disadvantage.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK.

WE had attended Church parade in the morning though the bitter wind had been more like March than June, and the fashionable little Japanese spaniels in their thick silky fur seemed the only suitably dressed and comfortable people present. In the afternoon, however, there was sunshine, and we sought the Park again, going this time to "the other side"—the part where meetings are held, speeches made, and hymns sung, and where a man in a frock-coat feels himself conspicuously overdressed. Viewed from a little distance the scene represented a fair—a strange fair where nothing was sold except dream, where views and theories clamoured for notice, only for notice, and where words foamed and frothed instead of tankards. Or perhaps it was a mighty auction where no visible goods changed hands.

As we drew nearer we saw that the crowd was split up into little clusters, and that women were very few in number—it might almost have been an Oriental crowd in this respect. Perhaps the women were keeping the children amused, or perhaps they were listening to the band that we heard playing somewhere in the distance. One young woman, of the under-housemaid class, whose hat displayed

three different kinds of flowers, seemed anxious to prove to her young man that she took an intelligent interest in his pursuits, but she was an exception.

Two small girls played "Touch last" very silently, very swiftly, and very persistently among the listening groups. Up and down, round and round, through and through the crowds they ran, and dodged and doubled and ran, but nobody checked them; very few people seemed to notice them, and when the ardour of pursuit caused the smaller child to charge straight into the blue legs of a tall policeman, his "Now, my dear!" had in it more of approval than reproof. The spirit of genial tolerance seemed to fill the air.

We joined ourselves to the nearest group, which was a fairly large one, and laid our minds open to conviction. Our orator, a young man with a low forehead and a stubborn jaw, was hotly defending in Cockney English the cause of a certain much discussed officer. His voice though painfully loud, had no carrying power, and only detached sentences reached us. "An' they thought 'e was a coward! Did they? 'Im! . . . Now, I tell you strite, ere's a man as 'as got the V.C., won it three times over, 'e did! Wot I want to arsk you is, and I put it pline to you as one man to another, would a man with the V.C. in 'is 'and . . . That's wot the matter with 'im! That's it! You may tike it from me, 'e's been put upon and fobbed off and ill-used."

We moved on towards a banner simply inscribed "Free Thought" that flapped above a very earnest speaker. He was a stout German, with a broad, flat head, and as he spoke one fat hand smote ceaselessly upon the other.

"Ven you kom to me with your myths and your merrykails, I vill to you that Zcience shall all this completely demolish make clear. Ve haf ze age of Bibles gone by. Ve do not lif in that age any more, ve are in the age of the Factz and Zcience. Ve do not want these Bibles and dot virgins any more."

A British workman in front of me cleared his throat noisily, "Come on," he said to his friend, "this — stuff makes me — sick." I omit his adjective and adverb, for they were the same in both cases and are as well known as they are unlovely.

A little farther on there stood a large blackboard with "Christian Socialism" printed upon it, and beside it a smug young man with a red tie, who glibly repeated a large number of very trivial sentences in a smooth, commercial manner. The most glorious words would have only lacked conviction spoken in such a voice, and one could but wonder what profit or advantage, what inspiring motive or compelling force led this common-place youth to sacrifice a holiday to this poor attempt at eloquence.

The girl with the flowery hat stood just before me, clinging to her young man's arm.

"Whatever does he mean by the proper gender, Charlie?" I heard her ask.

"Nothing for you to talk about," replied her companion promptly. Then we came upon the blackboard that was alone, save for three expectant children, and under the swirling smudge of coloured chalk we read, "The Lightning Sketcher will be back in half an hour."

"'E's been garn two hours good, already," said a voice behind me.

It was difficult to judge the Lightning Sketcher in the work he had left behind him, for while my friend was firmly convinced it was an impassionist study of a storm at sea, I was equally certain it was a nightmare dream of Tintern Abbey in moonlight. We asked one of the attendant children for a casting vote, and she replied with the piercing intuition of youth—"Please, sir, I think it is upside down!"

We wandered on, now listening to a few sentences on the utter immorality of war in the twentieth century, now to a little discourse on health foolery, or then to a diatribe on the madness of wearing cotton clothing under any imaginable circumstance.

"Is there no supervision over Park oratory?" I asked, "Is there no censorship? If you bring a stool under your arm next Sunday, ascend it, and lecture upon astronomy or upon the present Education Bill, I believe no one will interrupt you."

"Apparently not," said my friend.

"It seems to me," I continued, "that if I chose a convenient pitch at this very moment and recited a play of Shakespeare or anything else I happened to remember, I should have a small, indifferent, and a very fluctuating audience at once."

"You might," said my friend.

We joined a small group listening to an old man whose appearance suggested a Rabbi. He was probably a Polish Jew, whose dark eyes glowed like fire. He had a pale thin face, his hair was long, his straggling beard unkempt, and his shapeless black coat showed no linen at neck or wrists. He had the head of an enthusiast, and I was a little surprised to find the gospel he preached was that of Karl Marx, and "Das Kapital" seemed for him to fill the place of

the Bible. His English was faulty, his pronunciation distinctly baffling, one could see that he thought in his own language, and was irked by the necessity of using an alien tongue, but through all this the truth and power of the man shone out. Presently we found that some one in the front row of the listeners was asking questions—mocking, foolish questions, with the evident intention of making the dignified old man ridiculous. We were too far away to hear clearly, but the purport of the answers was unmistakable. One or two people laughed, somebody said, “Shut up,” but the questions and comments continued. Suddenly at some remark more intolerable than the rest, the dignified, pathetic face became disfigured with rage, the pale cheeks grew dusky red, the solemn voice broke into shrill invective, in a language we did not know, and the work-stained old hands shook in impotent menace. At the instant a burly policeman, who had been standing as if absorbed in thought some little distance away, drew near; it was like a big, kind nurse looking up from her sewing when her charges grow quarrelsome.

“Now then, what’s this? We can’t have any rows,” he said in a quiet, reasonable voice. Another policeman appeared as if by magic.

“It’s all right,” said the first policeman. Going round the circle, he laid a large hand on the shoulder of the Polish Jew; the touch was a kindly one, but the old man looked up with the eyes of a hunted animal.

“You keep your temper,” said the big man in blue, “and you can go on speaking all right. We’ve all got to keep our tempers.”

The big man turned away; it was as if the nurse had gone back to her work and the children returned to their toys. I hope the provoker of strife felt a little ashamed of himself.

"The speaking is a trifle more supervised than you think," said my friend.

We came level with one of the encampments of the Church Army. A thin young man with flushed cheeks was speaking very earnestly and rather gaspingly, as though his weak voice pained the narrow chest it came from. His congregation consisted of perhaps a dozen children, a few women, and two or three old men, and they appeared to lend him only a languid attention. Perhaps they were waiting for the singing that forms so large a part of outdoor services—a hymn, printed in very large type, being half unrolled like a map over an easel behind him.

"The keynote is the same throughout," I said. "Whatever the subject, the speakers are earnest and sincere and the listeners indifferent and uninterested. Certainly many of the speakers have no gift to enchain a wandering attention. I wonder why there are so many foreigners among them. Are Englishmen afraid of the sound of their own voices?"

"Listen to them now," said my friend.

The young man with the flushed cheeks had given out a hymn, and the gathering round him deepened at once. There was no music, but the words came with an honest, shouted swing—

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

THE KISS: IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

“Oh Love, oh fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.”

—TENNYSON.

THE etymology of the word “kiss” is uncertain, but it is generally accepted as the modernized form of the Anglo-Saxon word “Cyssan” (to kiss). Webster defines a kiss as “a salutation with the lips as a token of affection or respect.” We may, therefore, take it to have originally meant a customary form of kindly or respectful address, especially on meeting or parting, or on occasions of ceremonious approach. But there is no limit to the possible amplifications of the word. It baffles all attempt at analysis: Shakespeare speaks of kisses as “seals of love,” and Sidney tells us “they tie souls together.” Coleridge called kissing “nectar breathing,” others have termed it “lip-service.” The process has also been described, in a medical paper, as “the anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.” Grammatically speaking a kiss is a noun, technically speaking a conjunction, and generally speaking a first-class article; but, as Josh Billings says, “the more a man tries to analyse

a kiss, the more he can't; the best way to define a kiss is to take one."

Let us try to ascertain the genesis of the practice. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, says that Cato was of opinion that kissing first began between kinsmen and kinswomen, nearly or remotely related, only to know whether their wives, daughters, or nieces had been drinking wine. Brand, on the other hand, states that some Trojans, who escaped from the sack of Troy, took such ships as they found in the haven, and, putting to sea, were driven by the winds to a part of Tuscany, near where Rome now stands. The men having gone off to hunt, the women, who had been very sea-sick, were persuaded by Roma, the noblest of their number, to set the ships on fire so that they might not go to sea again. The husbands, on their return, finding the ships burnt, were angry with their wives, who, to pacify them, with great tact went and kissed them so affectionately on their lips that they readily obtained forgiveness; and the custom which obtained such signal success at its initiation was continued, and is of the same efficacy to-day. For one to assert that Nature is the author of kissing, and that it began with the first courtship, is to rely mostly on a Brummagem papyrus and a vivid imagination for one's authority. The idea of the kiss being an instinctive gesture is negatived by its being unknown, to a great extent, over half the world—among Polynesians, Malays, Burmese, and other Indo-Chinese, Mongols, etc., extending eastward to the Esquimaux, and westward to Lapland. The kiss appears constantly in Semetic and Aryan antiquity:—"Esau ran to meet him (Jacob), . . . and kissed him, and they wept" (Gen. xxxiii. 4);

so, when Ulysses makes himself known, Philoëtius and Eumæus cast their arms around him with kisses on the head, hands and shoulders (Homer, *Odyssey*); and in Herodotus's description of the Persians of his time kissing one another—if equals, on the mouth, if one was somewhat inferior, on the cheek. In Greece, in the classic period, it became customary to kiss the hand, breast or knee of a superior. In Rome the kisses of inferiors became a burdensome civility—

“Te vicinia tota, te pilosus
Hircoso primit osculo colonus.”

—MARTIAL.

The early Christians made it the sign of fellowship: “Greet all the brethren with a holy kiss” (1 Thess. v. 26; *cf.* Rom. xvi. 16, etc.); and this may even now be seen among Anabaptists, who make an effort to retain primitive Christian habit. It early passed into more ceremonial form in the kiss of peace given to the newly baptized in the celebration of the Eucharist; this is retained by the Oriental Church. But after a time its indiscriminate use between the sexes gave rise to scandals, and it was restricted by ecclesiastical regulations, men being only allowed to kiss men, and women women. While the kiss has thus been adopted as a religious rite, its original social use has continued. Among men, however, it has become less effusive, the alteration being marked in England at the end of the Seventeenth Century by such passages as the advice to Sir Wilfull by his London-bred brother:—“In the country, where great lubbery brothers slabber and kiss one another when they meet; . . . 'Tis not the fashion here.” The kiss on both cheeks between parents and children on

Continental railway platforms now surprises the undemonstrative Englishman, who, when servants sometimes kiss his hand in Southern Europe, is even more struck by this relic of servile ages. Court ceremonial keeps up the kiss on the cheek between sovereigns, and the kissing of the hand by subjects. A curious trace which these osculations have left behind is that, while ceasing to be performed, they are still talked of by way of politeness by Austrians, Spaniards, and others.

The pleasant practice of kissing was totally unknown in England (just as it is, I believe, in this day in New Zealand, where sweethearts only know how to touch noses when they wish to be kind!) before the earlier half of the Fifth Century. It was introduced by Princess Rowena, daughter of the Teutonic leader Hengist, during the years of his reign in the mystical forty; and since then custom has been steadily growing by what it feeds upon. At a banquet given by Vortigern to his Saxon allies Hengist and Horsa, who had come over to help him against the incursions of the Picts, Rowena, after putting a goblet of wine to her lips, saluted the British Prince with a kiss—a precedent which was quickly imitated. In process of time such a pleasant and agreeable institution could not fail to be popular; and in the reign of Edward IV., although it was a reign in which little social progress was made, owing to the Wars of the Roses, we find that the kiss had established itself so far as to make it the custom for a guest on his arrival, and when taking his departure, to salute with a kiss “not only the hostess, but all the ladies of the family.” We also read that in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries kissing was practised with

an easy familiarity which shows that the indulgence was general. Indeed, so universal was the use of the kiss, that it was as usual as the bow. A gentleman taking a lady to her seat from the dance invariably kissed her, and if he had not, he would have been voted a very badly-bred fellow. Oh, why did we not live in those days? Probably if we had we should have earned the condemnation of "*Pilgrim's Progress*" Bunyan, who says—"The common salutation of women I abhor. When I have seen good men salute those women they have visited, I have made my objections against it; and when they have answered, it was but a piece of civility—I have told them it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss, but then I have asked them why they have made barks, why they did salute the most handsome and let the ill-favoured go?" But our worthy John was a bit of a saint, not at all like Whitelocke, the Ambassador of Oliver Cromwell to the Court of Christina of Sweden. One day the Queen, accompanied by her giddy suite, dined with Whitelocke; and after dinner was over, requested him to teach her suite the common English mode of salutation. He at once complied with her wish, and soon found his pupils apt scholars, in spite of a little shy reserve on their part when first following his instructions. The practice has outlived to our day, though fashionable and general games in which kissing formed a prominent part are now becoming rarer than they were a quarter of a century ago. Some curious kissing customs still prevail in Great Britain. An honorary freeman of the borough of Rye has the privilege of kissing the Mayoress; and at Hungerford, during the Hucktide festivities, two

privileged individuals are elected yearly, and are known as "Luth men," who have the liberty of demanding a kiss from any member of the fair sex they may meet at the fairs. A peculiar kissing etiquette prevails in the Viceregal drawing-rooms held at Dublin, it being one of the privileges of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to kiss every lady on her presentation—a practice introduced by George IV. when he visited Ireland in 1821, and maintained by every Viceroy since that date. In English agricultural districts kissing is still one of the luxuries of everyday life, and on holidays "kiss-in-the-ring" is a big item of the day's amusement, and is often the cause of a good fight and a scratched face. Among London Blue-Ribbon Societies, and at Primitive Methodist love-feasts, the custom of kissing the various brothers' wives is not quite knocked on the head; although in one instance, inhibitive measures have been adopted by the authorities.

We will now turn to kissing as it is practised by a few contemporary foreign nations. The Russians are eminently a kissing nation. The kiss, with them, is the national salute, and has been in vogue from remote antiquity. It is more of a greeting than a caress, derived equally from a religious sentiment and from Oriental custom. Fathers and sons kiss, old generals with frosty moustaches kiss; whole regiments kiss. As for the Russian father of a family, his demonstrative affection knows no bounds. To judge from the number of salutes, the matrimonial bond in the higher circles must be one of uninterrupted felicity; a gentleman rarely enters or leaves the room without kissing his wife either on the forehead, cheek, or hand. On Easter Day

kissing all round is the fashion; from the Czar to the lowest peasant the Easter kiss is exchanged throughout the Empire. At Helmagen in Roumania a kissing fair takes place annually. On this occasion all the newly-married brides are present from every corner of the district. They are generally attended by their mothers-in-law, and carry jugs of wine. They kiss every one they meet, and not to accept the proffered wine is regarded as an insult to the young wife and family. In Iceland the men always kiss each other when they meet, but very rarely does a man kiss a woman. The Finnish women resent a kiss on the lips as a most unpardonable affront. Even when offered by an ardent lover, it is considered a heinous breach of etiquette. The law of English-speaking races has laid it down that "kissing goes by favour," and by favour only; that otherwise the osculatory operation amounts to an assault, and must be punished as such. They don't look upon kissing in the same light in Holland, where the law—which, by the way, has been formulated after long and expensive deliberation—rules that "to kiss a person cannot be an offence, as it is in the nature of a mark of warm sympathy." A young man having "assaulted" a young woman in this way in the streets of Utrecht, the latter instituted legal proceedings, and demanded that the offender should be punished. The Utrecht Court first, then the Appeal Court at Amsterdam, both dismissed the case on the grounds stated above. It was a cruel thing for a court of justice to do: what protection is there for the poor Utrecht maiden from distasteful suitors now that kissing against the will of the kissee is declared to be no offence, but only a "mark of warm sym-

pathy"? In this instance, in any case, the practice of kissing more than realizes all the prophecies, and these prophecies, in the process of oral repetition, themselves are altered to an ampler tone.

How has kissing come to be associated with love-making? Professor Lombroso has thrown a good deal of light on this point. He comes to the conclusion that kissing was, comparatively, an entirely maternal action, and in no way peculiar to lovers. Homer, he points out, never mentions a kiss, except when speaking of the embrace between father and son. Hector, in his scene with Andromache, does not kiss her, but squeezes her hand; neither does he find a kiss mentioned *à propos* of Venus and Mars, Ulysses and Calypso, or Ulysses and Circe. In ancient Indian literature, too, no mention is made of any but the maternal embrace; but in modern Hindu poems, we are told, twelve kinds of kisses are registered. Renan's son-in-law, M. Psichari, delivered a lecture at Athens a few years ago on the evolution of kissing, a theme that is, in his opinion, more recondite than people, young folks especially, generally take it to be. The line of argument he pursues in discussing the question is somewhat akin to that adopted by Professor Lombroso, and he propounds three more or less definite propositions. The first is that the kiss as now practised is relatively modern; the second is that the kiss has varied greatly since the time of Homer, in whose day, according to the commentator upon whom M. Psichari relies, it was purely a maternal action; and the third is that the evolution of the kiss is now arrested, and has been for seven or eight hundred years. But here M. Psichari errs in the by-ways of

his argument. It is open to doubt whether he is not too positive in assuming that because the kiss *par excellence*—that of love—is not referred to in Homer, it was therefore unknown in that shadowy epoch; and furthermore, the Old Testament and many other ancient books contain instances of allusions to this particular kind of greeting. However, we are not in a position to discuss the matter from the high and dry scientific aspect. “Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change,” but it will carry with it the practice, which is fostered by sentiment and upheld by custom. Human nature, human sensations, human passions, human muscles, have, after all, differed not so much in the course of ages; and while the benignity of the maternal kiss, the kindly gravity of the paternal one, the sugary, but sometimes envenomed kiss of female friends, *pro tem.*, and even the fervent, if ludicrous embrace of excitable males of the Gallic or even more southerly races have all their distinguishing characteristics, the one kiss to which the generality of mortals attach much significance, is that which passes as a token of affection between two persons of opposite sexes.

M. Psichari may have better foundation for his learned theory than appears in the summary of his lecture given in the Press; yet it is to be feared that scoffers will vastly outnumber his adherents. And, even if kissing were almost unknown in Homer’s time, Westerns, Orientals, South Sea Islanders, and the rest have enjoyed the pleasing function for centuries, while the past nine months of 1902 have, we are inclined to believe, seen no diminution in that tractiveness and power of the practice. Perhaps, indeed, one might be bold enough to aver that if the

evolution of kissing has been arrested it is because it could not become more perfectly delightful. The Psichari theory has been criticized at length elsewhere, but, after all is said and done, if we assume, as we have every reason to, that the kiss is generally a genuine demonstration of affection, prompted by instinct, we can console ourselves with the assurance of Goethe's poem, who tells us that—

“What dazzles, for the Moment spends its spirit:
What's genuine, shall Posterity inherit.”

Without making studies in scientific erotics, we may be pardoned if we attempt to differentiate a few of the numerous kinds of kisses that naturally exist, to try and catch the exact flavour of each one, as it were. A kiss is generally supposed to be the tenderest expression of love. The burning kiss is the supreme limit of the passion; it is the necessary compliment of a courtship arrived at a favourable conclusion and firmly established. We begin with a chaste kiss; a little later on snatch a bold one; then, when the imagination has exhausted all formulæ, the kiss becomes a burning one. This dumb show, akin to intoxication, has irresistible eloquence; one must be made of ice not to forget one's self in a moment of exultation. All lovers, we are told, do not possess the germ of the burning kiss: the predisposition is born in us. Then we have the kiss of welcome and of parting, the long, lingering, loving one; the stolen and mutual one; the seal of promise and the receipt of its fulfilment; the kiss of pure friendship; the kiss of first inclination; the kiss of calm devotion; the kiss of passionate anticipation, to say nothing of the kisses of lofty sentiment, momentary longing, sub-

missive adoration, poetic confidence, and the "touch-and-come-again" kiss of the youthful suitor and unlearned lover. Nor must we omit the kiss which passes between ladies "who have seen many younger and more pulpy days." This kiss Josh Billings—and many more of us—considers to be "such a waste of sweetness on the desert air." But which is the sweetest kiss in the world? Who can tell! Passion puts a sting into kisses, love is selfish, duty cold. The kisses of friendship are mere compliments. The kiss of reconciliation between those who truly love should be the sweetest of all kisses. But there a kiss that is the embodiment of purity, innocence, and tender, trusting love: it is a fluttering, clinging, rose-bud kiss that leaves a memory as pure and loving as itself—it is the baby's kiss. Keats's ideal kiss is much loftier than any we have enumerated—

"How far above all fancy, pride and fickle maidenhood,
All earthly pleasure and unguarded good,
Is the warm tremble of a devout kiss."

The only kind of kiss that has not been recorded and glorified from time immemorial is the marriage, or, as it has been called, the "dismal" kiss.

Kissing as a sanitary sin deserves a moment of attention. Johannes Secundus (or John Everts) has dealt with kissing from almost every point of view except this particular one, but he lived in pre-hygienic days, before the ubiquitous bacillus had eclipsed the gaiety of nations. Preachers have condemned kissing on the ground of its danger to the soul, but to the average man the added spice of sin probably makes it all the more delightful. Now, the apostle of sanitary perfection is denouncing

kissing for its danger to the body. The Japanese, he tells us, are a hygienically minded people and they never kiss. The Sanitary Committee of the Orange (New Jersey) Board of Health once recommended that a circular should be sent out "urging every one to desist as much as possible from kissing, as the touching of lips is likely to convey contagion." That foul and deadly disease may be, and often is, propagated in this way is, of course, a fact as to which there can be no doubt. Many a mother has, like Princess Alice, caught infection from the lips of her child dying or dead of diphtheria. "There is every reason to believe that the seeds of tuberculosis may be implanted by kissing, and the too common beslobbering of children by friends of the family and by effusive strangers cannot be too strongly condemned on hygienic grounds." (I quote from the *British Medical Journal*.) It cannot therefore be denied that kissing is dangerous, but will "sanitary committees" be able to put it down? Will love-making be conducted on antiseptic principles? Great, no doubt, is Hygeia, but we will back human nature with some confidence against her.

"The learned physicians tell us there is danger in a kiss,
 Disease and death may reach us through that avenue of bliss;
 The gentle osculation which our being wildly thrills,
 May bring us months of sickness and a lot of doctor's bills;
 They say that with the honey we are all so prone to sip,
 The deadliest bacteria may pass from lip to lip.
 But when a fellow gets a chance to kiss a pretty maid,
 He's very apt to say, 'Oh, hang the doctors! Who's afraid?'"

We cannot get at the origin of the practice of kissing under the mistletoe. The plant itself is intimately connected with Northern mythology and

figures prominently in ancient legendary history ; but its nexus with the institution of Yuletide kissing remains as much a mystery as ever. And let it remain so, for why should a man disturb the ashes of a primitive king to find a better reason than the one before the eyes? When we discover a pair of bright eyes sparkling with saucy invitation, a soft cheek crimson with a demurely unconscious blush, and red lips forming themselves into an acquiescent pout, we are not obliged to go poking around in savage graveyards to find out why we kiss under the mistletoe ! We kiss there for the same reason that we kiss behind the curtain, between the arms of a chair, or in the verandah just as we are saying "good night," if we are sure that her mother isn't anywhere near. We English hold primeval precedents of little value ; we prefer to grasp living realities. We kiss without reference to Druid, Goth, or Celt, to the Magna Charta or the Court of Chancery. And when the merry Christmas bells ring crisply on the air we kiss the girls under the mistletoe, not, as may be meanly suggested, because they expect it, but simply and solely because we can't help it ; and we wouldn't if we could.

PART II.

A NEW YEAR'S EVE DREAM.

To
MY FATHER AND MOTHER
AS ONE OF MY INSUFFICIENT TRIBUTES TO THEM
WHOSE CONSTANT VIRTUES EVER EXALT
MY UNDERSTANDING AND CHARACTER,
I DEDICATE
THIS POEM WITH ALL THE LOVE AND REVERENCE
OF WHICH MY HEART IS CAPABLE.

THE snow lay thick upon the ground, the wind in
anger blew,
As by my lonely fireside my old arm-chair I drew;
And I gazed into the fire and thought of other years,
Till the memory of those bygone days filled my eyes
with tears;
And faces long since forgotten shone in the dancing
flame,
While a sweet and peaceful sadness over my spirit
came.
Darling faces that we will see no more upon this
earth
Laughed as they did in days of yore, where all was
joy and mirth.
As I drew closer to the fire, came the thought of
other years,

Till the memory of those bygone days filled mine
eyes with tears.
Suddenly a hand on me was laid, and as I raised my
head,
A nurse stood before me, and whispering softly,
said—
“The old man is dying, he is restless, troubled and
sore,
“Soon he must breathe his last, and then he’ll be no
more,
“He wishes to speak to you—obey his dying behest.”
Hesitating, there I sat, to comply with his request.
I peeped through my casement into the chill, wintry
night,
Lost in the realms of thought, I wondered at those
mystic lights.
She led me and I followed her through the Halls of
Time,
With its grey and lofty walls white with the winter’s
rime,
And my lonely footsteps re-echoed through those
ancient Halls,
With the names of those gone before engraved upon
its walls.
We stopped before a chamber, she drew the curtain
aside,
And there, upon his pillow, a very aged man I
spied,
His wrinkled face, his sunken brow, furrowed with
many a care,
Told me only too plainly that “Death” was hovering
there.
His breath it came in gasps, and he feebly held out
his hand,

He tried to utter something that I could scarcely understand ;

He raised his head and beckoned me, then with his dying breath,

“Nearer,” he said, I took his hand, cold with the touch of death.

I sat down gently by his side, and held his thin, wan hand,

“I am going now,” he softly said, “going to that unknown land.”

Then he stared into my face, and said, “I have used you ill,

“But many a happiness in store there is for you still.

“Forgive me, if I have caused you sorrow and have given you pain,

“But I am going to leave you now, never to return again.”

I looked up at the timepiece, and in that uncertain light,

I saw it only wanted a few minutes to midnight.

“Won’t you forgive me?” said the old man, “forgive and forget?”

In a voice quite tremulous, while his eyes with tears were wet.

The clock struck Twelve as I replied, “And why recall the past?”

But the aged man made no reply, for he had breathed his last.

Quite overcome I lingered there, in sadness bowed my head,

Alone in that death-chamber, in the presence of the dead.

Suddenly a hundred bells tolled in the crisp, frosty air,

I started up and found that the old man no more was
there.

A wondrous change, and instead of the sick-room's
mellow light,

A holly branch hung on the wall and everything was
bright,

And in a swinging cradle sat a chubby little boy,
Shouting "A Happy New Year!" and "May it bring
you joy!"

January 22nd, 1906.

TO
THE NEW YEAR.

WHAT is in store for us?
We wait, expectant at the old year's end.
Oh! young New Year, fresh-crowned, victorious,
The golden hope, that all men now attend,
Com'st thou as foe, or friend?

For some what glorious days!
Full-hearted strength and rapture of high noon,
Auspicious stars of fortune—ruling rays,
Fame, the bright sun, and Love the tender moon—
For some thou bring'st this, soon.

For some, what leaden skies!
What sameness of the hours, each to each
Ground down by ceaseless small anxieties,
Like wave-worn pebbles on a bitter beach
Never beyond tide reach.

For some, gifts shall be few—
Sparse mocking gifts, that seem bestowed in vain,
When sunrise only serveth to renew,
Day's anguish, and through evening's grey with pain
Night's anguish comes again.

For some, thou bring'st the day
When tired eyes shall close, and toil be done.
“They have no lot, no part,” we living say,
“In any labour wrought beneath the sun.”
Ah, spare my dearest one!

New Year we do thee wrong,
What need to speak as if thou held'st the Key
Unlocking Fate. Thy hands, though very strong,
Wield only, as it is appointed thee,
The sword of Destiny.

Thou art Time's minister—
Only, in truth, the servant of a slave,
His rule and thine, beat like a pulse astir
Within the limits earthly lives must have :
We leave thee by the grave !

Since this is not the end,
Use thy brief power, we have small fear of thee
“ Earth has no sorrows Heaven cannot mend
After Life's work and Body's death shall be
Soul's Immortality.

January 1, 1902.

HELLAS.

“THE PROPOSED ANNEXATION OF MACEDONIA TO GREECE.”
—*Daily News*.

DEGENERATE Greece, whose Father rolled
The hosts of Asia back!
What is it in these latter days,
The men of Hellas lack?

Leonidas a trophy reared
More durable than stone;
Agesilaus bravely fought
To shake the Persian throne.

The son of Philip trained to war
The Macedonian ranks,
And led them on to Babylon
And far Hydaspes' banks.

Now on the Macedonian fields
Barbaric armies stand;
And the hyperborean lords alone
Protect the helpless land.

The names remain—Thermopylæ,
Olympus, Tempe's Vale,
Colonus, where the poet once
Out-sang the nightingale.

Olympus now is bare of trees,
 Tempe no rest affords,
Thermopylæ could scarcely check
 The march of Thracian hordes.

Reft of his olive groves and birds
 The parched Ilissus creeps,
Where on the wrecked Acropolis
 The soul of Hellas sleeps.

Fair dreamer! in thy long-drawn sleep
 No longer seek to strive;
In motionless repose alone
 Hope to be kept alive.

And trust the Hyperboreans
 To guard thee from thy foes;
But, ah! from such a deadly trance
 What nation ever rose?

June 1902.

IN MEMORIAM.

CARL LELAND wrote some ballads,

Und oh! but dey vos grand!

About a Deutscher Uhlan

Who left de Faderland,

Und vent to Bennsylvanien

To join de Dootschmen dere,

Und taught de Irish how to trink

Und de Yankees how to shwear.

Und how mit Sherman's army

He led his Sherman horde,

Und looted Rebels' wine-casks

Und broached dem mit his sword,

Und ploondered deir plantations

For the glory of de Cause,

Und shtole deir shpoons und tea-pods

For to make dem keep de laws.

Und how he gife a barty,

Dey came from far und near,

Dere vos quarts of Sherman Saurkraut,

Und plates of lager beer;

Den how he dance mit a Madchen,

"She vayed pout two hoondred pound,

Und efery time she gife a shoomp

She made de vindows sound."

Mein Gott! de Schnapps de lager
Dat dey schwigged at dat barty fine!
De pottles of Yankee brandy
Und de parrels of Neckarwein!
Und how they fought mit de duple legs,
Und made hell about de shop,
Und had a bleasant dime until
De Conshtable made dem shtop!

Den all who have laughed at der Breitmann
Till dey tought dey vould hafe died,
Und rolled about upon de floor
Und nearly shplit deir side,
Vill dake up deir book of ballads
Und ven dey hafe done read,
Vill drop a tear of sorrow
For der Meister singer dead.

December 1902.

THE YOUNG PRIEST.

I SEE my shattered idols lie
Upon the temple floor,
“So perish all false gods!” you cry,
“Whom foolish men adore.”
And yet my stricken heart and I
Mourn bitterly to see them die,
And know them gods no more.

The lamp before the symbol fair,
Long flickering, now burns low,
The shrine is cold, the altar bare,
And I who loved them so,
Yet see the light no longer there,
Cry out to God in my despair:
“Now should I stay or go?”

In loyal love I fain would wait,
And tend the lovely shrine,
Do service at the temple gate
And never ask a sign.
But loud a voice within me cries:
“Is this the will of the All Wise?
Is this the love divine?”

How shall the grave-clothes of the past
Contain the living truth?
Or ancient swaddling-bands be cast
About the limbs of youth?

And if the people seek and find
Their God before and not behind,
Shall this be cause for ruth?

The story told since early years,
(Perchance not rightly heard,)
Comes singing in my troubled years
Like some celestial bird:
"Seek not in tombs the risen Lord,
In spirit He must be adored,
The Life, the Way, the Word."

"He is not here!" Not here indeed,
In temples made with hands.
Not bound by any narrow creed
To any race or lands.
Then why should I contest God's way,
Because my church has had its day,
And he has broke the bands?

And yet, I cannot choose but weep,
Although I trust in God,
That much I deemed was his to keep
Proves but an earthen clod,
That I must leave my place of prayer,
Forsake the darkened altar stair.
And grasp a newer Rod.

But God reveals Himself to men
In every age anew,
And daily witnesseth again,
Not once to one or two.
And they whose eyes have seen the star,
Must follow though it lead them far
From that they sought to gain.

Farewell, then, oh! my mother shrine,
Thrice honoured and held dear,
Where first I heard the Voice Divine,
Though now 'tis silence here.
I bend and pray and kiss your dust,
Yet dare to turn away, and trust
That God will still be near.

October 1902.

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INDRA, THE RAIN GOD.

*God of soma, god of Battle,
God of mist and cloud and rain,
Lo! we hear thy thunder rattle,
See the floods descend again!
Fierce thy henchmen, sons of Rudra,
Wield their lances high aloft;
Brahmin, warrior, trader, Sudra,
Bless the ground for being soft!
I, a modern Pagan, sing thee,
Just in these elusive bars,
But I wish the days that bring thee
Wouldn't spoil my best cigars!*

When the Reporter comes, he of the Meteors,
Wind and the sunshine, snows and the rains,
Bringing together his guesses at weather
Out of the mountains, the oceans and plains:
Talking of pressure in phrases of mystery,
Terms barometric—Seychelles—and the moon,
Then I awaken by Poesy shaken,
Feeling the breath of the misty monsoon!
Indra, the Tempest God, awful in majesty,
Lightning his falchion, his vesture the cloud,
Moving to wonder through whirlwind and thunder,
Shall we not sing to his glory aloud?

Then is the season when *ryots* get jubilant
(*Vide* reports by your Digbys and Dutts),

When in the village preparing for tillage,
 Rain floods the gutters and brings down the huts,
 Ah, 'tis delightful when watching the slushiness,
 Cattle in mud from their hump to their hoof,
 Children in puddles and houses in muddles,
 Rain pouring in through the cracks in the roof.
 This the beginning is, Vritra¹ vanishes.
 Paddy comes up and the prices go down,
 All through the soaking you hear frogs croaking, too,
 Plump in their liveries yellow and brown.

Muddy your clothing gets, Indra he speckles it,
 Bring forth the charcoal, the sigri,² the wood.
 Agni,³ the bright god, the fire and the light god
 Wars with the damp as a deity should.
 This is the season of Jute and its brokerage,
 Go to the city of Charnock the old,
 Bales and forecasting of crop everlasting—
 These be the things to be thought of and told.
 That in Calcutta is—Hessians and gunny bags.
 Go to Bombay if for cotton you yearn,
 There's a crop ready with prices unsteady,
 Even the brokers have something to learn.

Wondrous is India—we bubble in decimals,
 Most Cherapunji's reported to be,
 Mainly aquatic in matters climatic;
 Indeed, more or less, just as wet as the sea:
 Plusses and minusses, these two are our solaces,
 Weather-wise wanderers sadly we find
 Mister Aquarius somewhat malarious,
 All the week's washing a fortnight behind.

¹ Vritra = rain.² Sigri = flour.³ Agni = fire.

Indra, O Indra, we bow to thy blessedness,
Crops and the Revenue all are at stake,
Tie up the mussak,¹ though just for a day or so:
Grant us the joy and the boon of a break.

¹ Mussak = a leather bag, in which the Indians fill water.

June 1901.

GREY-EYES.

TO
ONE

WHO, IN THE EXTREME OF ADVERSITY,
PROVED HERSELF THE TRUE FRIEND OF AN UNHAPPY MAN,
THIS POEM IS
INSCRIBED.

Is it in truth not a year since you came to me,
Never again from my life to depart,
You, who before were not even a name to me,
Now and for ever the half of my heart?
Fairy-like form of you, lips soft and warm of you,
Hair of the auburn-gold, coronet-wise,
All the dear face of you, all the fair grace of you,
All of your witchery, little Grey-eyes.

I, that had deemed love and passion were past for
me,
Barren the garden and sterile the seed,
Dreamed not that knowledge would come at the last
for me,
Lived my dull life, all unconscious of need.
Till the delight of you, sense of you, sight of you,
Cried to my being as trumpet-call cries,
Rang in the brain of me, burned in each vein of me,
Thrilled through the heart of me, little Grey-eyes.

If fate ordain you may never be wife to me,
Take yet my love and be free of all blame,

You that have brought all the glamour of life to me,
Fear not it even may tarnish your name.
Keep but your eyes for me, weave no disguise for me,
Show me what far in the depths of them lies—
Mirthful or mistful now, wilful or wistful now,
Still with a smile for me, little Grey-eyes.

Though you were taken away beyond reach of me,
Over the river that none may recross,
Never again on the earth to have speech of me,
Surely my gain should arise from my loss!
Would not the soul of me, heart of me, whole of me.
Call, as a bird to its mate as she flies,
“Wait for me, wait for me, there by the gate for me,
Only a little while, little Grey-eyes.”

Ay, it would be no long time you should wait for me,
What would the world have to offer to me?
I would give thanks that my path were made straight
for me,
Knowing I, too, should be speedily free;
What should I care for death, wherefore beware of
death,
When by that death I might win to my prize?
So to my heart again, never to part again,
All through eternity, little Grey-eyes!

VENICE, 1902.

ON VISITING THE OLD CALCUTTA GRAVEYARDS.

HERE they rest, by the world forgotten,
Under sarcophagus, pillar and urn,
Stones are crumbled and rails rust rotten,
Since they trod the path that has no return.
They, from England so far removed here,
They could not dream how we come and go,
These who ruled, and who lived and loved here,
More than a hundred years ago.

Here are names that the world remembers,
Though the poor graves are forgotten quite :
Best, perchance, to neglect the embers
When from their keeping has passed the light ;
Yet this place has spell-weaving merit,
That it is haunted I surely know,
Here you may tryst with a gentle spirit
Come from a hundred years ago.

Rose Aylmer, she, with a poet lover,
The tender fair one, who died in Spring :
The dull black stone on her coffin-cover
Bears no note from his sobbing string,
Though he was Landor, with songs for singing
That shrined her name in love's light aglow,
Her lovely name is like music ringing
Still from a hundred years ago.

Under this stone lies Thackeray's father,
 Dead when his son was but four years old :
 He should have died hereafter rather,
 When the tale of Vanity Fair was told.
 This man lived through the Black Hole's terrors,
 This man's life, like a great stream's flow,
 Cleansed its course of long gathered errors,
 More than a hundred years ago.

Here are many with stones revealing
 How they were loved in the time gone by,
 Formal phrases yet fervent feeling,
 Ah, but their tears have so long been dry !
 " Loving wife," she was eighteen only,
 " Tender mother," we smile to know,
 The hearts that mourned her no more are lonely,
 Since it's a hundred years ago.

One thing notice, their faith shone brightly ;
 'Mid the carvings of skull and bone,
 Gloomy emblems, and shapes unsightly,
 Are golden word that full well atone :
 " *Looking to life no grave can fetter,*"
 " *That my Redeemer liveth I know.*"
 Are we wiser, braver, or better,
 Now,—than a hundred years ago ?

January 1902.

(The above lines were written at the foot of Rose Aylmer's grave.)

THE BALLAD OF LAILA.

I DEDICATE THIS POEM TO MY FRIEND ELLEN MATSON,
WITH SINCERE FRIENDSHIP.

LAST night, distraught I wandered here and there,
All up and down Love's city sick at heart,
Till lo! I found myself all unaware
Caught in the tangles of my Laila's hair;

And all her raven tresses manifold
Encircled her around, and sudden bold
I grew and being careless of my fate
My mouth I buried in her lips pure gold;

And like a bee that pillages the tips
Of every crimson hyacinth, and sips
Sweet honey from its petals—thus I lay
Drunk with the perfume of her honey lips.

Said she, "Thou art my heart's own love, I swear!
But those who trespass on this raven hair,
And rob the down from off those golden cheeks,
Must of the Goodman of the house beware.

"He is a jealous watchman over me,
And lord of all my dark locks witchery,
He is my tyrant and exceeding wrath,
And goeth about seeking to murder thee."

“Let come what may,” said I, “while thou art near,
Thy locks protect me like a keen drawn sword,
Give me thy lips, and this night without fear
I’ll wander in that wilderness of hair.”

Said she—“All else is folly, love is best ;
I will unlock the garden of my breast,
But thou, I know, wilt walk disdainfully,
And : soon forget the lips that thou hast pressed.”

“Ah, cruel one !” said I, “unjust thou art,
The arrows of thy eyes have pierced my heart.
I am thy humble slave ; thou knowest well
That never from thy side will I depart.”

Hearken, ye hireling poets ! Do ye dare
Dispute my monarchy ? Ye fools, beware,
For I am crowned with Laila’s sovereign Love,
And sceptred with a lock of Laila’s hair.

June 1902.

A NEW BALLAD OF BURDENS.

THE burden of the country. Fools we were
To leave the primrose in the Devon lanes !
At best gaunt jungle on the hill-sides bare ;
At worst the weary circle of the plains ;
Inexorable sun, lugubrious rains,
A silly moon that loves to wake the choir
Of jackals, and bacteria from the drains—
Are these the ends of a sane man's desire ?

The burden incidental. Airless night,
And punkah-rope that slacks and sags and stops ;
The shooting boot or dumb-bell hurled aright ;
The spleen that straightway cracks, the man that
drops :
Verdict "Not guilty"—every juror hopes
You'll do as much for him should he require :
Then, many howls from many printing shops.
Are these the ends of a sane man's desire ?

The burden of diseases—strange and strong,
The which to number were a weary thing :
Of savage insects that from evening
Till dawn beset us with infective sting :
Curtains that mock us with hiatus dire,
And night made hideous with *ping, ping, ping*.¹
Are these the ends of a sane man's desire ?

¹ Ping, ping, ping=the jarring sound made by the pulling of the punkah at night.

The burden of the Aryan brother—and
 Especially the *babu*. Grievous are
 Your foul *fakir*¹ and your *Mahajanbland*,
 Your octroi peon, your maundering *Mukhtar*,
 The cat-like footfall of your *Khitmagar*;²
 But these the *babu* of the weird attire
 And weirder waste of words surpasses far.
 Is he the end of a sane man's desire?

The burden of superiors—for our sins
 Set up to chasten us: of ways diverse:
 A grows and grumbles, like a dog B grins
 (A's bark is bad, but oh! B's victus worse).
 Lie low, poor worm: it is not wise to curse
 The feet of him that treads thee in the mire,
 For this is he whose fingers hold the purse.
 Is this the end of a sane man's desire?

The burden of emoluments. Brave term!
 But when the beasts have battened on the prey,
 Deductions, funds, rates, taxes—and the worm
 That dieth not, retrenchments of T. A.—
 Felicitate yourself if you can pay,
 For Kerosine to drench your funeral pyre,
 And *Doms*³ to cast the charred remains away.
 Is this the end of a sane man's desire?

The burden of much Government. For aye
 Entangled from our *topis* to our toes

¹ Fakir = beggar.

² Khitmagar = an attendant.

³ Doms = menial servants of the Government to throw the remains of those who die without an heir.

We stumble through a night-mare like Terai
Of rules and regulations, codes verbose,
And B.O.'s, and G.O.'s, and G.G.O.'s,
And "shall's" and "shan't's"; be wise, O man,
retire;
Sweet, sweet it is to follow one's own nose,
This *is* the end of a sane man's desire.

L'Envoi.

Pause, then, young hopefuls! ere your course ye set:
What thing is this whereunto ye aspire?
Exile—oblivion, drudgery, regret—
Are these the end of a sane man's desire?

By permission of the Editor *United Provinces Times*.

BALLAD OF A DESERTED WIFE.

SWING, girls, and laugh while you're happy,
Beneath the broad branch of the peepul,
But I cannot join in your swinging,
For my Loved one is far, far away.
Oh, Mother, when I began loving
Cruel fate was writ on my forehead,
And the cruel hours came upon me,
Ah! that was a sorrowful day.

I croon as I sit in the twilight
Alone, and because of my sadness
My name with my kinsmen and neighbours
Is become a reproach and a scorn ;
For I cannot join with the others,
Or sit with the girls at their spinning,
Or swing in the midst of the village,
Oh! Mother, why was I born?

My old spinning wheel is deserted,
The threads of the cotton are tangled,
And the Omens say that my husband
Will never come back to my roof.
The web of my life, too, is tangled,
And broken the threads of Love's spinning;
For life's but a wrap without colour
Till Love spins the gorgeous red woof.

Come, visit your garden, Beloved,
For the fruit is now ripe in the orchard;
The apples and peaches are rosy;
Come, this is the time and the hour;
The branches are bursting with blossom,
All sweet as the attar¹ of roses,
Awaiting the Lord of the garden
To gather the fruit and the flower.

.

But the Master cares not for his garden,
The parrots have ravaged the peaches,
And the blossoms and buds without water
Parch under the pitiless sun.
The roses are faded and withered;
Come back, Love, and water your garden,
Wherein long ago you delighted,
When the first days of love had begun.

All day I ponder the Omens;
I watch the stars in their courses,
And question the Pundits and Brahmans,²
And ask when my Love will return.
But the stars are speechless and silent,
And no hope comes from the Brahmans,
And I lie sad and deserted,
With thoughts that torment and that burn.

¹ Attar = scent, perfume.

² Pundits and Brahmans are noted for their augury and the science of astrology.

Take my body, O Death, and devour it,
My limbs and my rose-scented tresses,
All drenched with the attar of roses,
For life without love is but pain.
But leave me my eyes, I beseech thee,
O Death, for if God will be gracious,
With these eyes once more I may see Him,
And look on my lover again.

Fly, crow, be my messenger. Tell him
That I am heart-broken and dying;
But first ask his humble forgiveness,
And then haste my message to tell.
Perhaps he will come—nay, begone, Love;
You have brought me no peace with your loving;
What dread sins can I have committed,
O God, that I suffer this Hell?

Ah, No! 'Tis my fault that I loved him,
I fastened the bands that ensnare me,
My love, with bowed neck I beseech you
To pardon the faults of your slave.
Live happily, Love; I am dying;
But keep me a while in remembrance;
Farewell, Love, for this is my message
To you from the edge of my grave.

AN IDYLL.

A VIOLET grew by the river's brink,
Quiet and sad was he,
For the taller plants shut out the world
That he wished so much to see.

He wanted to see the lovely world,
So hidden from his view;
He wished some one would come and pluck
The plants that round him grew.

Soon he heard a footstep soft,
'Twas a lady sweet and fair;
She sat down on that bank and plucked
That pretty violet rare.

And the little violet sweet,
Went into her tresses bright;
His wish was gratified at last,
He saw the world and light.

He looked around him wonderingly,
Softly the lady sighed!
He cast one glance at her beauty,
And overwhelmed—he died!

AN EVENING DREAM.

(After Horace.)

A SUBTLE stiffness, streaks of gray
Tell me that years are on the wing,
That old-time loves have gone their way,
That I, with them, have had my fling;
But you, my Lydia, intervene
With pleasant thoughts of "Might have been."

Surely these dreams are holy ground;
The curves of that lace-bosom'd dress—
Soft eyes that of their softness wound—
Woman, yet child in winsomeness.
Hence, host of Cares; hence, Toil, dull sprite!
Youth and my lady reign to-night.

Ho! Bechai Ram, bring out the jar
That Kellner fills from Caledon;
Pile on another log; where are
My Flor de Spencers? Now, begone.
So, better to her form will seem
To share my fire-light and my dream.

LINES IN DESPAIR.

To

Mabel Alice Catward.

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I am no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests
rushing,
Like sad hearts break;
When the swollen streams o'er crag and gully
gushing,
Sad music make;
Will there be one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms
twining,
Burst through that clay;
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
 On that low mound;
And wintry winds have with their ruins hoary
 Its loveliness crowned,
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
 Pacing it round.

It may be so—but this is selfish sorrow,
 To ask such meed—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
 From hearts which bleed,
The wailings of to-day what to-morrow
 Shall never need.

Lay me, then, gently in my narrow dwelling,
 Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
 Let no tear start;
It were in vain—for time has long been knelling;
 Sad one, depart!

SYMOND'S YAT.

TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN, IS,
AND ALWAYS WILL BE,
THE SUPREME ONE.

I AM alone, no one to comfort me,
No one to cheer and break this solitude;
New mornings come but with the weary thought,
Apart from thee is death.

I am alone, this world is one wide space
Wherein I move, the skies are also dark;
No Star of Bethlehem to guide my way,
Or shed Celestial light.

I am alone, the blossom soon must fade,
Which once was nurtured by thine early love;
The Canker soon will poison all the tree,
Till all its life is gone.

TRANSLATION FROM THE ITALIAN OF CHRISTINA
ROSSETTI.

IL ROSSEGGIAR DELL' ORIENTE.

To
A. W. W.

DEI GRATIÂ. *December 1904.*

“Justorum animae in manu Dei sunt.”

I.

IS LOVE ASLEEP?

DEAR friend, adieu ! we part ;
For me all love is over,
Since once was slain this heart
By a belovèd lover.
Yet in the bright hereafter
Fond hopes for thee I'll cherish,
While here around me flutter
Mem'ries that never perish.

II.

IS LOVE AWAKING?

WHEN tufted spring renews her reign
Last year's dead flowers spring up amain;
Love breathes perchance, Hope once "again"
Not mine the words I tell thee plain.

If "love" delusive hopes inspires,
Whisp'ring this heart is thine,
Tho' coyly hid its secret fire—
The words are love's not mine.

And who is there can tell thus true
This poor heart's worth a lover's sigh?
Love holds the balance 'twixt us two:
Love may deceive—not I.

NEAR VENICE.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF BERNARD.

THE ROSE.

To

Mabel Alice Catward.

O TENDER offering of the tears of Dawn,
Whom gentle zephyrs fondly love to kiss,
Thou Queen of Flora's gem-besprinkled realm,
Haste now to ope thy buds and give me bliss.

And yet, alas! I dare not bid thee haste,
So tarry longer, though I sadly sigh,
For well I know that in the self-same hour
That sees thee bloom, thy knell is rung to die.

The fair Themira,¹ flower so rarely sweet,
Subservient to self-same laws is made,
And thou, O Rose, like her, must fain enchant
The eye, and then, as surely, thou must fade.

Oh then descend, and leave thy thorny stem,
And on her hues of richest radiance dart,
For thou alone shalt be the favoured one,
As thou of flowers the very fairest art.

¹ "Themira," a name applied to the damsel of the Poet's thought.

If any hand should so imprudent be
As rashly to disturb thy gentle rest,
My vengeance wear as armour 'gainst the foe,
And keep but thorns for my base rival's breast.

•

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF VILLON.

To
AGNES WOLLSTONECRAFT WOLLASTON.

Gone on before. B.B.B.

“Te Somnia Nostra Reducant.”—OVID.

“She’s gone, . . .

She sunk with her joys entombing !”—BYRON.

FROM childhood she had passed, as day from dawn;
The bloom upon her cheek was innocence;
Of Love her features the fair emblem were;
Of Passion her pure heart had yet no sense.

Still in a few more days, or few more months,
In that so young, so chaste, so guileless breast,
All potent Eros might have found a home
Wherein to dwell, and tenderly to rest.

But Heav’n had doomed her to an early death,
Had doomed her youthful beauty to decay,
Yet she with courage met death’s dire approach,
Unmurmuring she went her Heavenward way.

She died as gently as a sweet smile fades
From lips of loved one; or as music heard
And lost; or as in lonesome Forest dies
The sweet and tender song of love-lorn bird.

NEAR VENICE.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF SCARRON.

SONNET.

O MIGHTY monuments of human pride!
O Pyramids! huge tombs that empty stand
As silent witnesses throughout the land,
How human skill stern Nature hath defied:

Ye Roman palaces, whose ruins bide
As tokens of your builders' brain and hand,
And thou, O Colosseum! where did stand
In fiercest fight brave men who bravely died:

The hand of ruthless Time, with deadly blow,
Hath felled thy pillars, cracked thy noble walls,
Thy pomp and pageantry in dust laid low:

If his unsparing fist has wrecked thy halls,
Ought I to grieve because my doublets show
Elbows worn out, and grease my sight appals!

June 21st, 1906.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF A. DE
LAMARTINE.

TO
LORD BYRON.

O THOU whose Muse speaks not to tyrant clan,
Mysterious spirit, angel, fiend or man,
O Byron ! I care not what thou mayst be,
Thy vibrant symphonies appeal to me.
Like thee I love the thunder's awful roar,
The tempest wild, the rugged storm-beat shore !
Night thy abode, and horror thy domain ;
Like Eagle, thou disdainest tranquil plain :
Like him, thou lovest wild and rugged crag,
By winter blanch'd, and sear'd by lightning's plague,
Shores strewn with wrecks, the lion's gory den,
Or pastures stained with blood of slaughtered men.

Like bird art thou that wails by waters dight
With flowers which hide her nest from mortal sight,
Yet scales the heights of Athos, building there
A home, exulting in the mountain air ;
And there, alone, 'mid quivering limbs doth brood
By rocks that ever reek with dripping blood
O'er cries of victims ; gloating, tempest tossed,
O'er ghoulish deeds, till thought in sleep is lost.

To thee, O Byron ! as to fiendish bird,
The cry of wild despair is ever heard
As sweetest Music ; evil is thy joy ;
Man is thy victim ; anguish is thy toy ;
Thy eyes, like Satan's, scan the dread Abyss ;
Submerged in gloom, the light of God they miss.
Thou bidst farewell eternal to glad hope,
In grim sepulchral darkness thou dost grope ;
In dirges dire thy Genius finds delight,
And chants, exulting, hideous deeds of night.
To evil spirits sings loud songs of praise,
And ghastly demons from the dark doth raise.

But useless is thy war against thy fate,
And impotent rebellious Reason's hate ;
Eyes little see, around, above, below,
Nor can the sight of Reason farther go ;
A little space : then all escapes our ken ;
An empty void : a realm unknown to men.
God has thy place marked out in this small sphere,
How ? Why ? We know not ; all in vain we peer.
His mighty hands have fashioned man and world,
Bestowed the light, the scroll of life unfurled.
He knows, the world is His, let that suffice,
Nought here is ours ; yet we by small device
Would solve the Law of Being ; we but men
Would probe, and delve, and seek to know the when
And where of all things ; we, who nought can know,
Strive vainly to know all, above, below.

O Byron ! these are sayings hard for thee,
Yet why shouldst thou from truths unpleasant flee ?
Be this thy claim, that thou by Him wast made
To do His work, and lovingly to wade

Through tangled fern, through foliage bright and
rare,
To tell of beauties in the earth and air.
This bondage is a benison divine,
Thy free-will with His order to entwine ;
To be the offspring of His Wisdom, and
To glorify His Name throughout the land.
This, then thy lot! Ah! far from vain outcry,
Kiss thou the yoke, and ask not vainly, Why?
Seek not to rank with gods, for mortal thou,
To goodness, greatness, thy proud spirit bow ;
To Him who made the Earth, thyself, and all,
A world is worth no more than insect small.

Note.—The author of this Book does not identify himself with the opinions expressed by the author of this Poem.

“ATQUE IN PERPETUUM . . .”

WHEN summer in the fulness of her bloom
Decked all the mellow pastures with delight,
Our love began. Then came the abysmal doom,
Dread Autumn and the failing of the light,
Deep snows and utter gloom.

Yea, even as the overburdened boughs
Gave to the earth their foliage, dread and drear,
So sank to nothingness our mutual vows,
Dead in the cloistered stillness of the year,
That nothing might arouse.

Ah me! and when the new-born spring again
Laughs gladly over meadow, land and sea,
My soul will turn to thee in bitter pain—
In helpless, longing pain. But what of thee?
Doth any love remain?

Perchance some gentle evenfall, when day
Has drooped to rest, and tired winds are still,
Haply thy soul may weep, and thou shalt say,
“Ah, Christ! Love’s memories are hard to kill,
And hard the loveless way.”

TO AN OBSCURANTIST.

Lately I dreamed a dream, and now I write
To tell you, Friend, my vision of the night.

METHOUGHT that Christ was come again, and He
Spake thus unto His Church, where faith should be:
“Oh! ye of little faith, through all these years
Ye have denied Me with your doubts and fears.

How have ye starved the children from the food,
Their Father gave them? calling all things good!
How spilt the blood of countless good and true?
Lo! these have not blasphemed My name, but you.”

The answer made the Church unto the Lord:
“We sought to keep the people to Thy word;
We feared to give them knowledge, lest that they
From following after Thee should turn away.”

“Yea!” said the Christ, “Then have ye thought
that I,
Who taught My Father’s truth, can love a lie?
Have ye not known that God is everywhere?
And they who search His works shall find Him
there!

Nay, but ye doubted with your narrow mind,
If men grow wise Christ will be left behind.
And so ye have dishonoured Me forsooth,
And turned away the men that love the truth.”

The Church before the Master stood perplexed,
And bowed the head, ashamed and sorely vexed;
Then spoke the Lord: "In ignorance, I wot,
Ye did it, children, for ye knew Me not."

Then bade them fear no truth, however strange,
Since God made all things right, and doth not
change.

Yea, though the dogmas droop and die away,
God still remains the same as yesterday.

No more, the voices faded to an end,
But this, which I have dreamed, I write you, Friend.

“INFLUENCE.”¹

Note.—On certain regulations recently communicated to the public in India, relative to the modification of the traditional system of appointments in the British Army.

I AM told that up in Simla, where, beside their peaks
of snow,
The Immortals fulminate decrees to cringing crowds
below,
Where just below the Mall, within an ill-assorted
pile,
A hard-worked staff distracted sit between an office
file.

And a host of applicants ambitious—for a life of
ease,
Where records rot on rusty racks and *Babus* buzz
like bees,
Where the peon carries *bastas* till he staggers and
he drops,
There exists upon a file a note commencing “Dar-
ling Pops:—

I know you can do everything, and so I come to
you,—
It’s only to put in a word for Bobby Fortescue:

¹ By kind permission of the Editor of *The Times*.

Poor Bob! he's with his regiment and draws such
wretched pay,
 It is a shame, and *such* a lovely dancer. Well, to-
 day,

He's coming up on leave, and I think you might *just*
 contrive,
 He doesn't have to go back to those plains to broil
 alive.
 I've quite forgotten what he wants, but you'll be
 sure to know,
 And,—there, I'm certain you'll oblige your always
 grateful Flo."

I wonder how it got there, that scented note of Flo's,
 That lies among those musty files, like the sweet
 fragrant rose
 Which charms the city clerk to half forget his dismal
 den—
 "Was she as those who love their lords," or those
 whom other men
 Make love to? Who was Pops? and had it any-
 thing to do
 With that brand-new appointment which Captain
 Fortescue
 Was found the one man fitted for? Ah! We shall
 never know
 Precisely what concern with those affairs of State
 and Flo.

Well! they say that things have altered, and we live
 in sterner days,
 And that "social merit" isn't now the only thing
 that pays.

No, not even in appointments, and that love no more
beguiles;
Mars to lay aside his arms—in fact the Staff *object*
to smiles.

Be it so, I joy to think that on that cobweb-ridden
rack
For ever, till our prosy age provokes the general
crack
Of Albion's doom,—Nay, till Creation (which we've
licked) entirely stops,
A fragment of a brighter past survives in "Darling
Pops."

August 1903.

SONNET
TO MY FATHER,
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH.

Obiit 19th May 1904.

REQUIEM ETERNAM DONA EI DOMINE.
ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EI.

I LITTLE thought when last I grasped thy hand,
That ne'er again that hand would rest in mine;
That soon the call, "Enter the Better Land,"
Would have been given by the King Divine!
Student and Scholar thou—aye, Teacher too,
Thou wast the Crown and blossom of thy Art;¹
Who honoured every art as do but few,
Who like thyself do living truth impart.
And now the Greatest Light thou'rt called to see—
In those Empyrean Heavens so vast above.
The Light supreme that does so far uplift thee
From earth to sphere where Angels sing of Love!
Why should I mourn? Earth's loss is Heaven's
gain.

I miss you, Father—but we'll meet again!

29th May 1906.

¹ One of the highest of contemporary names—Rev. John James Caleb, a critic and philosopher, as seen in his works, and author of about twenty-four books on Theology.

THE PROPOSAL.

THE way of a man with a maid is such
That each must make his own;
A glance of the eye or a gentle touch,
A smile or a tender tone;
If aught there may be with as subtle a spell
Since Love and the world began,
We have only to hear what the ages tell
Of the way of a maid with a man!

The *Ricksha* and the *Dandi* were a-sitting side by
side
(And the Deodar was nodding o'er the vale).
“Little Ricksha,” quoth the Dandi, “this is better
than a ride,”
But the Ricksha only trembled and grew pale;
While the Deodar was nodding—nod—nod—nodding,
While the Deodar was nodding o'er the vale!

Said the Ricksha, “Look how lovely is that snowy,
silver peak!”
(And the Deodar was swaying to and fro)
Cried the Dandi, “Yes, it's lovely, but the roses in
your cheek
Are lovelier and—closer than the snow!”
While the Deodar was swaying—sway—sway—
swaying,
While the Deodar was swaying to and fro.

Said the Dandi, " You were dancing with that hateful
Captain Jones "

(And the Deodar was looking o'er the Khud)

" Don't be jealous," laughed the Ricksha, in the
merriest of tones,

From a mouth as soft and tender as a bud,
While the Deodar was looking — look — look —
looking,

While the Deodar was looking o'er the Khud.

Then the Ricksha to the Dandi with a quiver and a
pout

(While the Deodar was tossing fresh and free),

" How came it that with Mrs. Dash I saw you
sitting out,

When you might have had another valse with
me ? "

Oh, the Deodar was tossing — toss — toss — tossing,

Oh, the Deodar was tossing fresh and free.

Quoth the Dandi, " Little Ricksha, Mrs. Dash is
Burra Mem

(Oh, the Deodar was drinking in the snows),

" And she's got me Parker's billet and its *pucca*, not
pro tem. "

Then the Ricksha turned and reddened like a rose,
While the Deodar was drinking — drink — drink —
drinking,

While the Deodar was drinking in the snows,

" We've been waiting," said the Dandi, " we've been
waiting long for this ! "

(Oh! the Deodar was keeping very still),

While they heard the joy bells ringing through the
rapture of a kiss,
As heart in heart they journeyed up the hill.

And the Deodar was sighing,
As the misty day was dying,
“I have heard the song before :
The old song still is the newest song,
May it be to them the truest song,
For ever and evermore !”

THE JUDGE AND THE BACHA!¹

“ You are old,” said the Bacha, “ your leisure for
rest,

When your office is over, is short ;
But you work at your papers with infinite zest
When relieved from the toils of the Court.”

“ In my youth,” said the Judge, “ there was no need
to cram

The sections of every new Act ;
And the ease of the old Departmental Exam,
Left our brains and our tempers intact.”

“ You are somewhat rotund,” said the boy, “ and a
spill

Would give you a terrible shock ;
Yet you followed the pig and took part in the kill,
Your seat must be firm as a rock.”

“ We were so few in numbers,” the other replied,

“ That our incomes were simply immense ;
So we always had plenty of horses to ride,
And no need to regard the expense.”

“ Many men of my standing succumb in their prime,”

The Bacha went on with a sigh,
“ But you keep your health in this feverish clime—
Will you kindly explain to me why ? ”

¹ Bacha = An Indian word for “ boy.”

Said the Judge, " Dirty *degchies*,¹ bad milk, and stale food,

Form the principal source of disease,
We all married young, as our prospects were good,
And our wives have preserved us from these."

" You have served thirty years," said the Bacha, " or more,

And have proved yourself worthy your hire ;
With the thought of an excellent pension in store,
Pray, would you not like to retire ? "

" I have answered three questions," responded the Sage,

" Don't forget your position, I beg,
Or make any further remarks on my age.
Allow me to give you a peg."

¹ Degchies = Saucepan.

“BON SOIR: LA COMPAGNIE.”

Good Night! I am old, and my blood has grown
cold,

I am weary of banquet and ball;
I have shared of your best, and I would go to my
rest;

Good Night to you, gentlemen all!

From the laughter and light, I must ride through
the night,

Alone from your festival hall;
Looking back through the years with no tremors or
fears,

Good Night to you, gentlemen all!

Spur at heel, sword at side, as a man I will ride

With no dolorous trappings or pall;
No tolling of bell, but a smile for farewell—
Good Night to you, gentlemen all!

Fair ladies, adieu! my obeisance to you;

One kiss, lightly blown to recall
The heyday of life with its love and its strife—
Fair ladies, Good Night to you all.

The Recorder, from whom no man's secrets are hid,
Has called me; I go at his call.

I am ready to answer for all that I did—
Good Night to you, gentlemen all!

Good Night, then, good night, though your fires
burn bright,

With your lustres ablaze on the wall;

Yet the stars are a gleam on the ford at the stream—

Good Night to you, gentlemen all!

THE PRAYER OF DOUBT.

THE daylight cannot satisfy my eyes,
Light of the world, arise;
Lighten our darkness, give the great relief,
Help thou our unbelief,
Let those who seek thee, find thee; show Thy might
And give us—Light.

The shadows gather thick about our way,
“Ah! what is truth?” we say!
We follow phantasies and find them vain,
Retrace our steps again,
And Truth, like some mirage supremely fair,
Mocks us both here and there.

Oh Christ, thou know'st, if thou art God and man,
How narrow our life's span.
How can we hope to grasp or even dream
Thy vast majestic scheme?
If we but feebly grope towards thy hand,
Sure thou wilt understand.

To Thee the darkness is no darkness, yes,
But none the less
Thou knowest well how dark the night must loom
To us within the gloom.
How hard to see Thee through the mist and haze
That blur men's gaze.

We strive for truth, and if we find not thee,
All blinded as we be,
Remember of us only that we strove,
Forget the rest in love,
And grant at last that on our longing eyes
The Light Divine may rise.

THE DELUGE,
AN EPIC,
IN THREE CANTOS.

TO MY BEST FRIEND,
THOMAS DU DENEY, L.R.A.M., F.R.C.O.,
IN CONSTANT FRIENDSHIP
AND PROFOUND ADMIRATION
FOR HIS NOBLE QUALITIES OF HEART AND HEAD,
I DEDICATE THIS EPIC.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

THE present Poem being in some respects a new treatment of an ancient and most sacred subject, may well claim some illustration of its Motif, Theory, and Object by the Author.

Let me say, then, as to the Theory, that I receive and reverently believe the record of the subject in Genesis as God's Revelation, through whatever channels and by whatever pen then compiled and handed down.

I accept the supernatural incidents therein enshrined as constituted with the revealed character of Christian's God and as tending towards the great Consummation of His revealed purpose in the Incarnation, Passion, and Victory of the Everlasting Son.

In regard to the expression of the hope of Mercy through Christ for those who perished by the Deluge, I receive literally St. Peter's declaration (1 Peter iii. 18-19). See Bible.

With regard to the colouring of events and persons, the Author pre-supposes an ancient civilization which degenerated, in opposition to the theory of a primitive savagery which has gradually civilized itself.

As to object, I trust that it has been the love of God engendering a desire to glorify Him in His

Words and in His Deeds; also bound in with this the love of Man and of that Holy Universal Church wherein Mankind is represented and renewed.

The Author then desires his work to be an act of worship and service; of this the object can only be his God.

A. E. C.

TWILIGHT PARK,
August 1906.

THE DELUGE.

PROLOGUE.

COME, Heavenly Muse, attune my Lay
To tale of Doom ; of that great Day
When vengeance dire o'ertook the world,
When God His wrath and fury hurled
 To purge the earth from sin,
 And make it pure within ;
And touch the strings of my responsive lyre
Till they send forth the songs thou dost inspire,
With life imbued, and glow with holy fire.

Oft hath thy power with strength benign
Suffused me with its light divine :
As in old days it fired the Greek
With courage bold, new foes to seek ;
 And did bold Cyrus lead
 To fight on daisied mead
Brave men who dared to keep his arms at bay
And rise victorious from the fatal fray,
Thence from a vanquished host to wend his way.

Then fire me now with ardour bold
This ancient story to unfold,
And lighten with thy kindling rays
The tale of long-past awful days,

When men forsook their God
And smitten were with rod
Of direful punishment, that all might know
That sin doth bring but misery and woe,
For God is King, above, around, below.

THE DELUGE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

IN vivid dreams there stood before my eyes
A verdant valley ; noble hills beyond,
As far as eye could scan soared high aloft,
Their peaks seeming to reach unto the sky,
Save where, encompassed by encircling clouds,
Their tops were lost to view. A forest great
And noble nestled in the vale upon
The left, and trees of mighty stature waved
Their branches in the soft and balmy breeze.
Upon the right a river might be seen
Wherein did spout all fishes, revelling
In blessed freedom, darting here and there
In careless glee, content to live their lives
As seemed them fit. Full many smaller streams
And brooks pursued their way 'mid devious banks
And waving branches, and fair tangled ferns,
To greet with loving kisses the sweet lips
That wooed them, nothing loth to be absorbed
And lost, if they might nestle in the love
Of her they loved.

In front were many trees
Bedecked with fruits and flowers. The juicy plum,
The apple and the pear ; the stately palm
With nuts hung high o'erhead ; bananas meet
For food ; the orange and the pomegranate ;
The graceful vine that yieldeth luscious grapes

Whereof is made the wine that maketh glad
The heart of man ; while lower down were seen
Fair roses, lilies, sunflowers, blossoms meet
For maids' adornment, and to give their homes,
If such were needed, added ravishment
Wherewith to charm their loved ones, though
perchance
To gild refined gold were fitter far.
Sweet scented herbs and shrubs did ever send
Their balm as incense to the skies.

And here

'Mid scenes so passing fair, a noble House
Its stately head did rear aloft. It was
A pile majestic. A most fitting frame
For picture noble ; a most worthy fane
For Holy Worship. From far distant lands
The finest marble had been hither brought
Wherewith to build it. Massive pillars were
Its chief adornment ; for simplicity
Did grandeur give, for tawdriness
Was not made manifest ; the beauty that
It had was chiefly that same beauty that
Doth make a lovely maid the fairer, for
All beauty unadorned's adorned the more.
Betwixt the columns, gazing rapt to Heaven,
There stood a Man full stately and full old.
Six hundred years had he abode on earth :
Yet he no signs of age or ill displayed.
Clad in his priestly raiment, towering high,
With lofty mien, and pose erect and still,
His Jove-like majesty struck all with awe.
For Noah he, the prophet and the priest,
The father of his people and their king.
His ardent gaze was fixed where far aloft

The countless hosts of radiant Angel-bands
Did march, their serried ranks all glowing bright
With sheen celestial, for each noble Prince
From Heaven had come with messages to men,
To warn the evil and to guard the good.
And there his awe-struck eyes did see on high
The sword of God, dread presage of the Doom
That should ere-long o'erwhelm the world with woe,
And with one mighty cataclysm o'erthrow
The haunts of sin and them that dwell therein.

At last from those so finely chiselled lips
Came words of adoration rapt and grave :
“ O Mighty God, Thou Ruler of the earth,
Of Heaven, of all that is, or eke hath been,
I praise Thee for that Thou dost deign to spare
For yet a little while this world so base.
Yet Thee I praise far more that Thou wilt come
In years long hence as Man on earth to dwell,
And here by suffering, and the pangs of death,
Blot out the sins of all by this most great
And wondrous Sacrifice, and raise mankind
By this dread Act to recognize in Thee
A Friend and Saviour, and the living God.
I hail Thee, Lord, and humble homage pay ;
Oh make me love and worship Thee alway.”

He spake with out-stretched arms, yet little knew
That thus he symbolized the cross of shame
On which his God, as Saviour of the world,
Should suffer death as Man. Then kneeling down
In lowly adoration, he was lost
In rapture.

When his reverie was past,

His way he wended to where his fair spouse
Lay resting, musing sore on the grave news
Of coming Doom, filled with foreboding sad
Of all that was to be, and of the death
Of all mankind, save eight, her lov'd kins-folk,
And meditating, as full oft erstwhile,
On palaces o'erturned and cities wrecked.

He entered : she with love and reverence
Arose to greet him. He with loving kiss
Bade her be seated : and she then broke forth
In words, and trembling said :—" O mighty sire,
Thou hast, I trow, news from the Most High God.
Thy eyes bewray thee, and thy clouded brow,
Of old so placid, tells of anxious thought.
Is there no hope for earth ? no respite now
For those who sorrow for their sins and strive
To do His will who orders all aright ?
Is there no hope for men, nor for the works
That they have wrought with skill and hardihood,
Wresting from Nature secrets marvellous
Wherewith to turn her forces to our good
That we might render her more beautiful,
And have the skill and cunning that we need
To build fit Temples for the Most High God ? "

" All now is fixed," he said, " beyond recall ;
Decree irrevocable of the Lord
Proclaims that earth shall be a barren waste,
An aching void ; and that none shall survive
Save our own kith and kin. The Voice Divine
Hath bid me build an Ark where we may dwell
In safety, and where every bird and beast,
In loving pairs shall enter and find rest,

Until the time of travail shall be past
And earth once more resume its normal course.”
“Alas !” she murmured, “will the world’s sad fate
Be as thou told’st me long ago ?” “It will,”
Said he, “For mighty floods, and storms intense,
Shall whelm the earth, and all mankind shall die
Save eight, ourselves and those so near and dear
To us that life without them were but death.”

“O cruel Doom of God,” said she, “that all
Should perish thus !” “Not so,” quoth he, “For
God
Gave them full time for penitence, yet they
Repented not. And He is merciful,
And from the womb of time, in days long hence,
Will come as Man in human nakedness,
And live and die as Man in sorrow dire,
A willing Sacrifice for human sins
Unto Himself, as Father, God, and Judge.”

THE DELUGE.

CANTO THE SECOND.

As they discours'd thus of the things to be,
Their sons return'd from hunting the wild boar,
The tiger, and the lion, and the wolf.
All heated from the chase were they, and proud
Of foes encounter'd, battled with, and slain.
"Bless us, O Father!" said they, and he bless'd
His valiant sons with words of fair import.
Then to their Mother dear they reverence paid,
And kiss'd her hand with true chivalrous grace,
And tenderness as gentle as when Sol
Doth lead Aurora down her silvery way.
"Have rest," said she, "and due refreshment take,
For ye are tir'd, and eke an hungered."
"When ye have feasted," quoth the Patriarch,
"Come hither, sons, and list the message God
Hath sent to ye and all who dwell on earth."
They bow'd assent, and then did wend their way
To where good provender, in goodly store,
Was spread for their repast.

All ended, they

At summons of their Sire, with all the folk
Who dwelt with them in that most lovely land,
Did haste to pay him homage, and to list
To words that he might utter for their ears
To hear, and for their hearts to understand
And heed, and, heeding, learn to do the Will

Of him who spake, and of their mighty God,
Whose mouthpiece was he.

When they all were still,
And hushed as tempest by a mighty calm,
He lifted up his voice, and spake to them,
Each hearkening as sentences rolled out
Full pregnant with foreboding, presages
Of woe, and with the awful, rending news
Of Doom to come.

“Ye people list,” said he,
“To words of God Most High to all on earth.
Yet but a little while, and He will send
His Messengers to hurl vials of wrath
Upon a guilty earth. For ye have sinn’d
And done amiss full oft. Yea, the whole world
With wickedness doth reek, and all its sins
Appeal to Heav’n for vengeance. And the Lord
Hath ceased to be merciful, for He
Hath often spared you, for full loth was He
To slay, and time was granted ye wherein
Ye might repent; but ye did not repent,
But in your sins persisted. So the Doom
Will come upon ye, and the whole wide world
Will perish, save eight only, and two each
Of bird and beast to keep their seed upon
The world, that when the mighty flood hath passed
Life may not be extinct upon the earth.
And the Most High hath said:—Make ye an Ark
Of gopher-wood, and make it strong without,
Within, and mighty, and fill it with fruits
And nuts, and herbs and grass, and all
That life may need for sustenance, such store
As it will hold until the doleful time
Be overpast, and till such future time

As earth again shall fruitful be and bring
Rich increase yet again."

When he did stay
His words, there was a mighty calm, as when
A tempest is about to burst upon
An awe-struck people, when the very leaves
Their trembling cease, and birds are still, and seem
To lose all power of song. And then there came
The sound of many voices: sound of woe,
Of muttered hate, of curses deep and loud,
A very Babel, and the multitude
Surged to and fro like reeds before the wind,
Some hither rushed, some thither fled in fear,
Some raised their clenched hands to Heav'n, some
leapt
Into the air in fury, some fell down
In helpless impotence, some in their rage
Their raiment tore, and cast into the air
The fragments of their clothing, some in mad
And reckless terror fled they knew not where.
The wails of women and the screams of babes
Made hideous treble to the bass of men,
While frantic laughter boded ill for some
Whose wits had left them, for in frenzied fear
They like wild beasts did headlong rush to Hell
In mad intoxication and debauch,
Dulling their sense and forfeiting all hope,
Preferring Bacchus to the Lord of Hosts,
In blank impenitence daring to die.
But some, convinced of sin, knelt down to pray,
Beseeching Him who knows the thoughts of all
To grant forgiveness if He would not spare,
Repenting of their past misdeeds, and bent
On doing His behest.

Then up they rose,
Cheered with the Light Divine, and light of heart,
With consciousness of sins forgiv'n, and strove
With all their strength to build the mighty Ark,
With utmost pow'r working His Holy Will,
Full conscious of their great unworthiness,
Yet, peradventure, it might be that God
Might smile, they thought, upon their handiwork,
And take it as a sign of their great love
For Him who made them and all else beside.

It may be, when the Scroll is read, that these
Shall shine as Saints on God's celestial shores,
Washed from their sins, and clad in robes of white.

THE DELUGE.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE sky was black with clouds; the angry wind
With storm-blast tore the forest-trunks in twain;
The welkin rang with thunder; lightning flashed;
The pow'rs of Hell were loosed upon the world.
Above the shrieking tumult, trumpet toned,
The strident voice of Satan, mocking loud
The Doom of Earth, pealed forth full cynical
And devilish; while impish fiends of night
The hellish din did with infernal might
Make even yet more diabolical.
The serpent-spawn with hisses sinister
Crawled in and out, their black and loathsome forms
Making the scene more hideous.

Then a rush
Of mighty waters swept upon the world:
From cloud, from mountain torrent, from the vast
And mighty Ocean, came th' engulfing flood.
The cries of drowning men uprose to Heav'n:
Foul imprecations; curses loud and vile;
The howl of baffled rage; and mingled with
Men's voices were the shrieks, the piercing yells
Of frenzied women, women who had made
A Hell of Earth for all their kith and kin,
Whose jangling tongues had made their husbands
mad
With nagging speech, their fathers desperate,

Their brothers alien from paternal roof.
These now in fruitless rage foamed at the mouth,
Spewing forth blasphemies in reckless hate
Of all and sundry.

Saddest sounds of all
Were moans of infants, squeals of children dear
To them that bare them.

On the madden'd throng
The rain with ceaseless hiss poured swiftly down,
As pitiless and callous as a horde
Of soldiers mowing down with Maxim gun
A host of poor, defenceless savages.
And still it came, and higher rose the main;
The mighty ocean, like some monster vast,
Still nearer, and yet nearer, drew; the crowd
At even pace as readily withdrew
To higher ground.

And now the wild beasts roar'd
With savage joy, for scent of human prey.
Hyænas, lions, tigers, wolves, and bears,
Sinking their differences made bold war
On human-kind. Oh, awful sight! and full
Of terror.

Nearer yet, and nearer still
The water came. And louder was the tongue,
The brazen tongue of Satan.

Then there came
A lull; a calm; a stillness.

And the rain
Did stop; and lightning ceased; and Satan went
To his own place, his malice sated.

Then
Was seen the mighty Ark, its black outline

Looming full large upon the dreary waste
Of water. All unseen of mortal eye,
For none was left to see. Seen only by
The Mighty Ruler of the universe,
And radiant bands of Angels.

But within,
Secure from ill, and free from all alarms,
Were those eight human folk who sparèd were,
With two of ev'ry kind of bird, and beast,
And reptile, as had been decreed. And there
In amity they dwelt until the time
By God appointed for their safe release.

And day by day the deluge that had drown'd
The world abated; and the tree-tops shew'd
Above the waters, giving resting-place
For dove and raven. And on Ararat
The Ark did rest, as child on parent's knee.
And sun shone forth, and gentle breezes blew,
And birds took wing and sang right merrily.
And Earth awoke as giant from its sleep,
And clothed itself anew with garb of green.

Then Noah, and all that with him had dwelt
Within the Ark, as babe in mother's womb,
Came forth, and cried with joy to see once more
The world they loved. The stag and antelope
For amicable race did sally forth.
The squirrel and the monkey sprang aloft
Into the branches, haply they might find
There provender, and nimbly leap and skip
To stretch their limbs.

And Noah open'd wide
His mouth, and gazing up to Heav'n he said:
"O God of Hosts, Creator of the world,
Of all that has been, is, and e'er shall be:
All praise to Thee for having sparèd us
When we, like all beside, had justly died
For our offences. But thou ever art
Of mercy and of goodness all compact,
And Thou didst not design that all should fall
And none survive to populate the globe.
And thus Thy favour spar'd us; and we live
To sing Thy praises, and to do Thy Will."
And all did join with him in pray'r and praise,
Raising their voices to the King of Kings
In sweetest harmony.

And then each sped
To his appointed task. Some till'd the earth
While others sowèd corn. The women-folk
To milk the cow did haste, and afterwards
Made cheese and butter. And the world went on
As in old time, each eager that his task
Might be well done. The Rainbow being pledge
Of Continuity, and of the Word
Of God that ne'er again should flood destroy
The Earth.

DIGRESSION.

AT the time when this book was being prepared for the Press, the distinguished author and composer, Thomas Du Deney, sent me as a contribution to this work, its Epilogue. The beautiful and majestic melody is indeed worthy of the subject, and I here produce it with permission.

EPILOGUE,
SONGS OF JOY AND GLADNESS;
BY
THOMAS DU DENEY.

SONGS OF JOY AND GLADNESS.

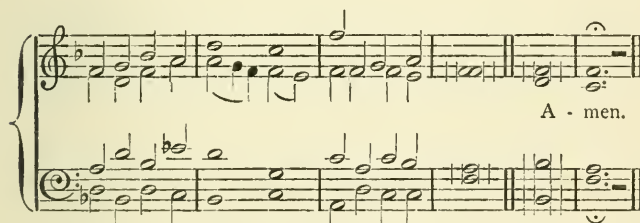
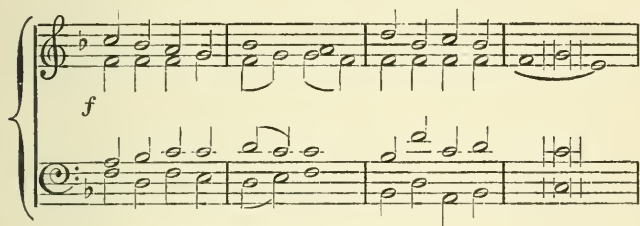
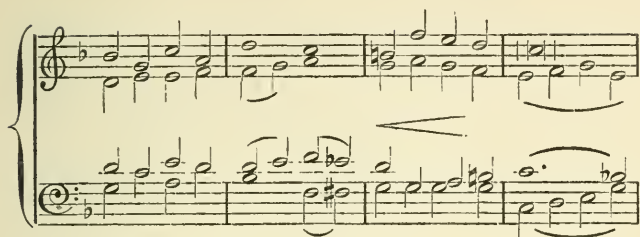
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

THOMAS DU DENEY.

The first system of musical notation is for a piano accompaniment in 4/2 time, featuring a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed between the staves.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present. A large, stylized 'V' symbol is placed above the bass staff towards the end of the system.

The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed between the staves.



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SONGS OF JOY AND GLADNESS.

Songs of joy and gladness
To our God we raise ;
Lifting high our voices,
His great Name we praise.
He hath led us surely
Through life's stormy sea,

Safe from rock and tempest,
From all peril free.
Songs of joy and gladness
To our God we raise ;
Lifting high our voices,
His great Name we praise.

Merciful and mighty
Is the Lord Most High,
Tender and consoling
When to Him we fly,
When the dark clouds hover
And His help we need,
He will still the storm winds,
Safe to land will lead.
Songs of joy and gladness
To our God we raise ;
Lifting high our voices,
His great Name we praise.

Hymns of glad thanksgiving
To our Lord we sing,
Shouts of exultation
Make the welkin ring ;
For no trace of sadness
Lingers in our hearts :
They are filled with rapture
That His love imparts.
Songs of joy and gladness
To our God we raise ;
Lifting high our voices,
His great Name we praise.
Amen.



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